

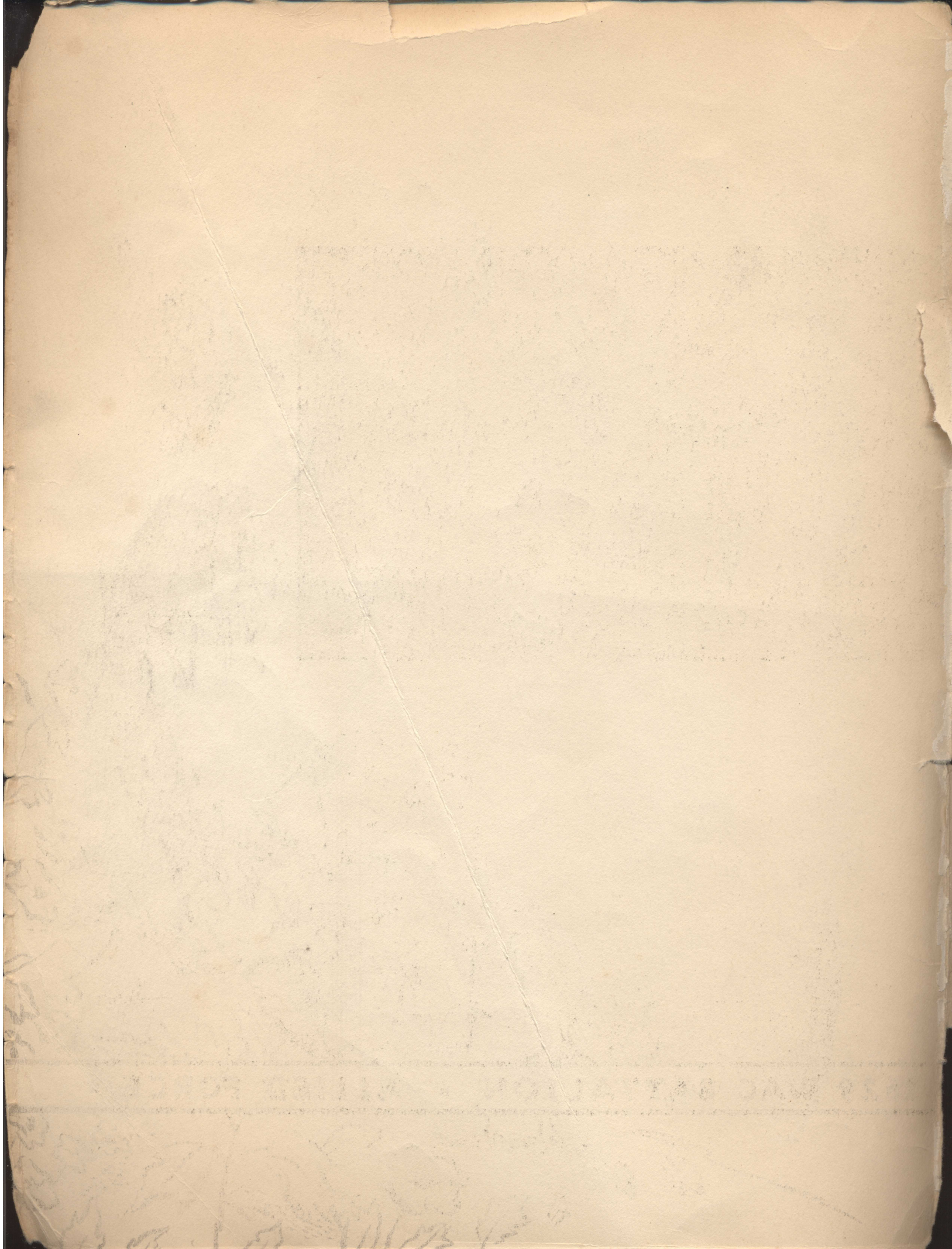
Maxine U. Fielding

AS YOU WERE



2629 WAC BATTALION ★ ALLIED FORCE ★





WOM

4/17AL

3644



A Book Of, By and For
the Women
of the
2629 W.A.C. Battalion
Coserta, Italy
Home, Italy

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief
Art Editor
Photographic Editor

T/4 Virginia W. Dorrell, 2664 WAC Postal Co.
T/5 Sally Leach, 6666 WAC Hqs. Co.
Pfc. Frances S. Szalay, 6666 WAC Hqs. Co.

Company Editors:

S/Sgt. Marjorie A. Duffy, 6666 WAC Hqs. Co.
T/4 Rosaline Levenson, 6667 WAC Hqs. Co.
T/5 Ann C. Teel, 6715 WAC Comm. Co.
T/5 Lillian Kostoryz, 2664 WAC Postal Co.
Sgt. Nettie Kraft, 2666 WAC Wires Co.
Master Sgt. Helen Power, Battalion Hqs.

Art Contributors:

T/5 Pat Haynes, 2664 WAC Postal Co.
T/5 Lottie W. Szarfloski, 6715 WAC Comm. Co.
1st Lt. Olive E. Mills, 2664 WAC Postal Co.

Advisor

W/O JG Irene F. Scott, Public Relations Section.

The Staff gratefully acknowledges the aid of Army Pictorial Service, whose photographer, Pfc. Harry Potter, took many of the pictures of WAC life; Psychological Warfare Bureau, whose aid in procuring the printing and engraving made the book turn from a dream to a reality; and the WAC Service Center Committee who financed the venture.

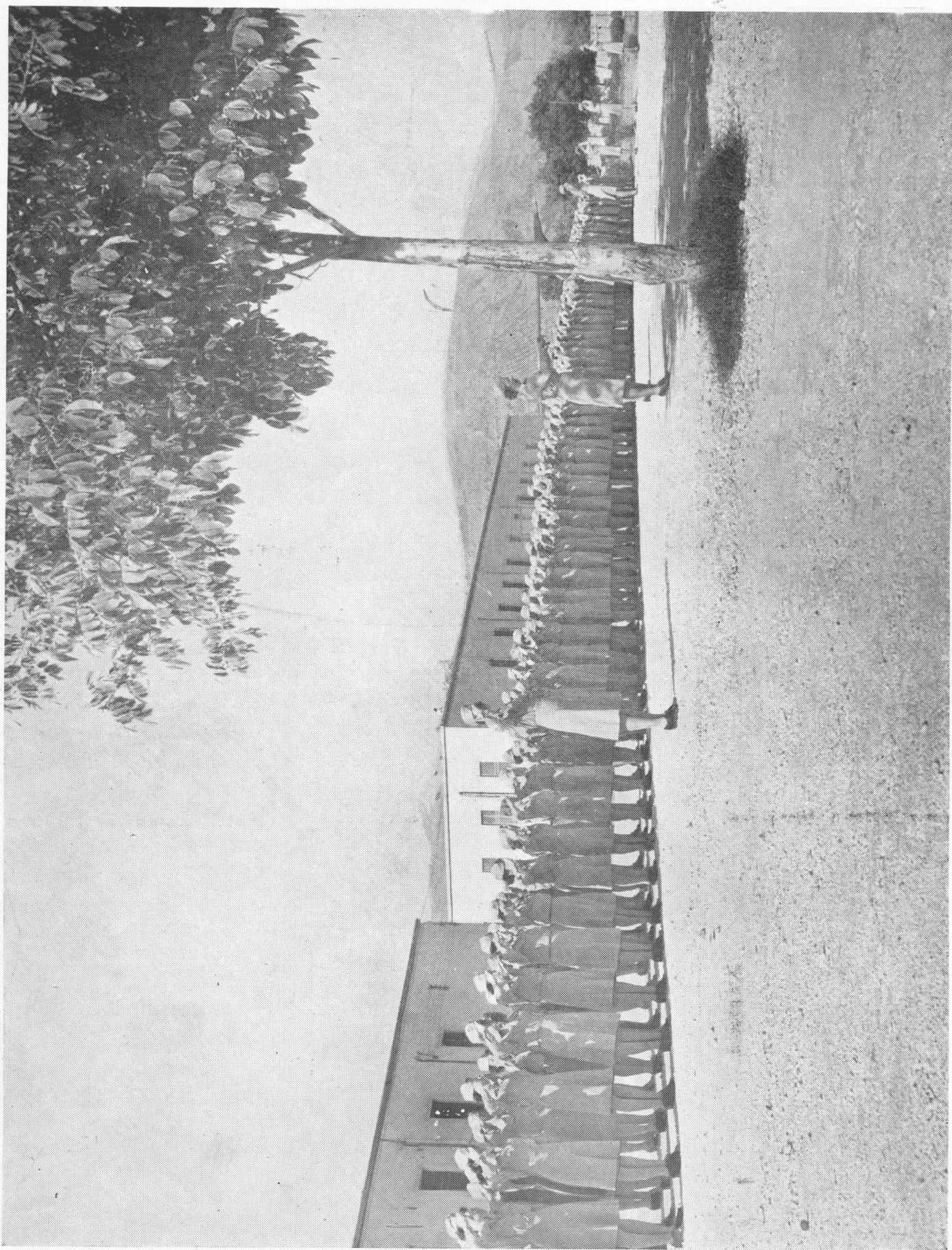
Our Battalion S-4 through Lt. Alice Bradford and Capt. H. Babbit found many of the items that were essential to the printing of this book. Company, staff, and operational officers all cooperated in the production of « AS YOU WERE. »

The book symbolizes the happy relationships that have made the 2629th WAC Battalion an example of women living, playing, and working together with one common aim — — — Victory.

« AS YOU WERE » was printed by F. Raimondi, Typographica, of Napoli, Italy. The type is handset by master craftsmen. The Raimondi Studio of Printing is typical of the tradition of Italian printing. The first books printed by this « fourth generation » concern bear the date of 1778. The great-grandson of the founder, B. Raimondi, was in charge of the printing of this book.

Without any apologies — — — for our readers realize the difficulties in having a book printed in Italy at this time, we present.

« AS YOU WERE »







Colonel Westray Battle Boyce
Director Women's Army Corps

|| *Dedication* ||

The Staff of « AS YOU WERE », in recognition of the splendid leadership she personified as a member of the Women's Army Corps and as Staff Director of the Mediterranean Theater of Operations, gratefully dedicates this book of memories to Colonel Westray Battle Boyce.

As Director in North Africa and Italy Colonel Boyce brought to every Wac in her command a feeling of the importance of each job, regardless of the little part it seemed to play in the great drama of War. To her officers she gave inspiration and confidence. To the Army she proved that women could accept the responsibilities as well as the privileges of Democracy.

To all she gave unstintingly of her time, her energy and her friendship.

Her philosophy of life, both as a civilian and as a Wac, remind us of Browning's lines:

« All service ranks the same with God,
With God, whose puppets best and worst are we,
There is no last nor first. »



Lieutenant Colonel Dorathea A. Coleman

Colonel Coleman, then a captain, came to North Africa in October 1943 and served as Deputy Director for the Theater. Later she was appointed Air-Wac Staff Director in charge of co-ordinating the work of Wacs assigned to the Air Forces. In that position, she spent most of her time in Italy.

Last August when Colonel Boyce was called to Washington, Colonel Coleman was appointed Theater Wac Staff Director. She served as Theater Director until called to Washington to take over an assignment last July.

With vision far beyond the present day or year, Colonel Coleman gave to her job in MTOUSA her experience in handling people, a splendid organizational ability, and a devotion to duty that knew no hours.

Her sincere interest in the problems of the enlisted women, her joy in seeing them busily at work, her love of play and her example of doing a job and liking it were some of the things that stamped her as a Staff Director who found success at the end of the rainbow — — — not in gold but in knowing that her Wacs appreciated and in everyday GI language stamped her as a « Good Joe.»

Colonel Coleman was awarded the Legion of Merit medal on December 20, 1944 for «outstanding contributions to the Air Forces administration as Director of the Wacs assigned to that branch.»



Major Helen E. Hanson

Minneapolis and Des Moines can both claim the present Staff Director. Major Hanson arrived in time to be the « clean-up man » of the trio of Directors who have served in the first theater that utilized Wacs for overseas service.

In baseball the clean up man clears the bases so that the runs can be scored. Most of the time he never gets farther than second base but the runs that come across the plate are his. So it is with the smiling Major who directs the Theater at the most unglamorous and most upsetting stage in its history.

The redeployment, inactivation and the constant movement of Wacs to the States have worked so smoothly that at the time this is written, most of the women of MTOUSA are sure that «Home» is around the ocean.

What they think of us

« These American women have earned a place in the conduct of war and in the final victory. From the tents of the Fifth Army to the offices of the rear echelons, they have taken their places efficiently and happily... I predict that the history of this war will show that you contributed materially to the success of our cause.»

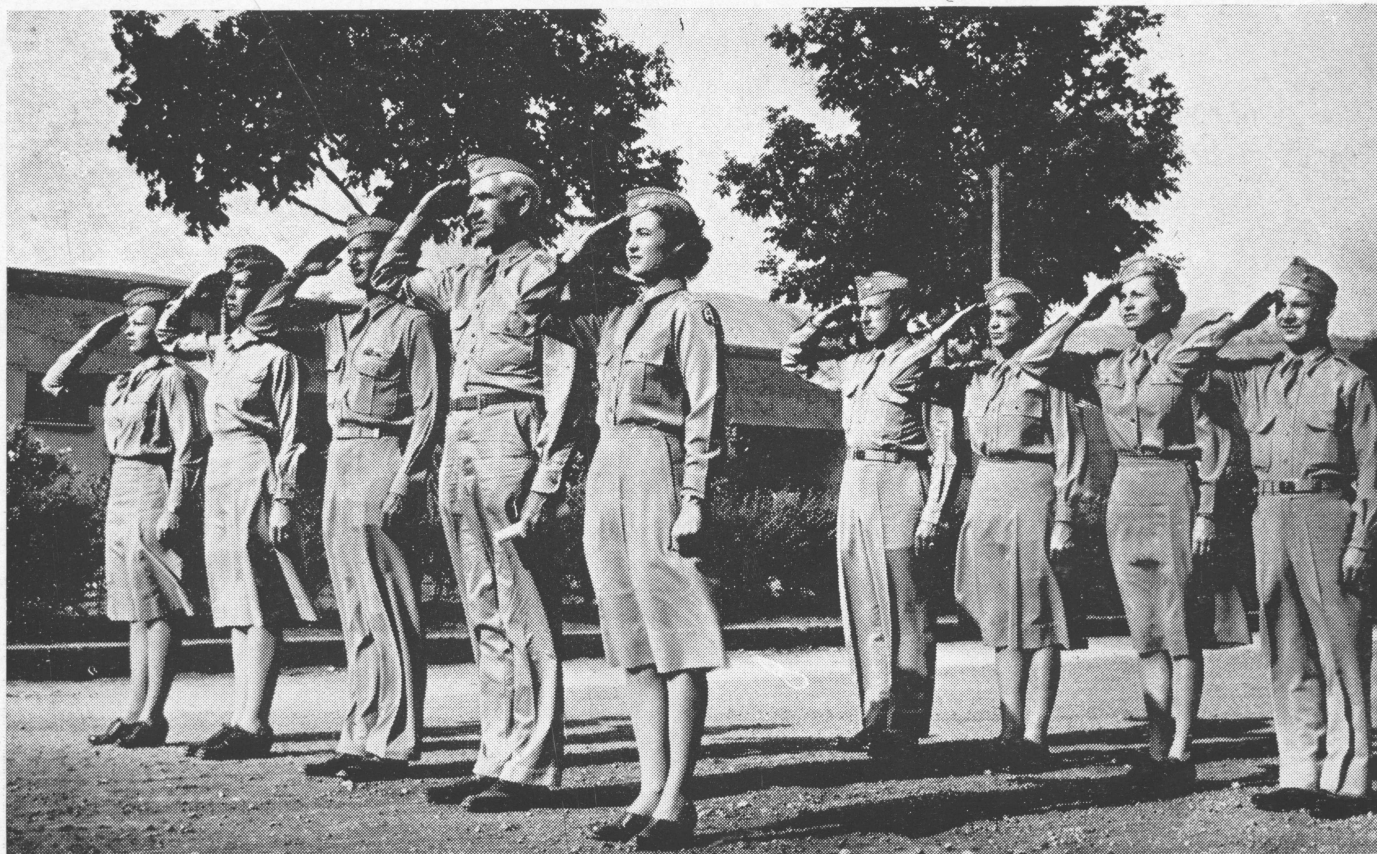
General Joseph T. McNarney, Deputy Supreme Allied Commander of the Mediterranean Theater of Operations, on the third anniversary of the Women's Army Corps, 14 May 1945.

« No military organization has given a better performance than the WAC... Looking back on the many assignments you have filled ably during the past year, I cannot understand how the military service before this war got along without you. I do not believe there will ever be an American Army again without its Women's Corps.»

Lt. General Ira C. Eaker, Commanding General of Mediterranean Air Forces, on the first anniversary of WAC entry into the U. S. Army, 1 September, 1944.

« The outstanding achievements of the Women's Army Corps speak for themselves. Typical of these achievements have been officers' and enlisted women's invaluable contributions in the field of communication operations in this theater. Telephone and Signal Center service at the larger headquarters, such as AFHQ, PBS, Fifth Army, and Rome Area Command, has reflected the superior ability of WACS as telephone operators, teletype and radio operators, cryptographers, message editors, and traffic control specialists. All of these contributions were indispensable to the accomplishment of the Signal Corps' vital communications mission in the theater. This record of accomplishment and devotion to duty should be a source of pride and deep personal satisfaction to every WAC officer and enlisted woman.»

Brigadier General George I. Back
Chief Signal Officer, MTOUSA



Headquarters Command Allied Forces

This picture was taken as Wacs marched by the reviewing stand on the day that meritorious placques were presented to two of our units.

HCAF Army and Wac officers have worked together in making the 2629th WAC Battalion the best known working group of any overseas theater.

In the first row are 1/Lt. Roberta Reed McWilliams, Adjutant; Captain L'llian Harris, Executive officer; Colonel John Ramsey, Commandant of Headquarters Command; Colonel Connelly, Executive officer and Major Hortense Boutell, Commanding Officer.

The two Wac officers in the second row are Colonel Coleman, then Theater Staff Director and Major Helen Hanson, present Theater Staff Director.





2629TH
WAC BATTALION

Meet the Commanding Officer

If commanding officers of WAC Battalions are supposed to be masculine military figures with deep voices and an ultra stiffness — — then the Commanding Officer of the 2629th WAC Battalion — doesn't fit the scheme.

For Hortense Boutell — — and she hates that first name — — is a small, effeminate figure who doesn't shout and in off duty time is most unmilitary. But by the same token, the little Major can snap into all the military precision that a job such as she holds entails.

A product of the Minneapolis schools and the University of Minnesota, she was interested in costume design for stage presentations and when war came gave up the « unessential job » and entered a defense plant where she was in charge of thousands of women employees.

With the organization of the Women's Army Corps, she enlisted — — the first woman to enlist in the Corps.

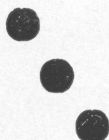
O.C.S. was followed with an assignment that lead to the directing of the Fifth Wac Training Center. Then a chance at an overseas assignment came her way.

She arrived in North Africa in November, 1943 in command of the 6715th WAC Company, the first overseas communication company in the history of the Corps.

When the WAC Battalion was organized in Algiers in March, 1944 she was chosen to become commanding officer of the largest WAC installation in the theater.

The Major was awarded the Legion of Merit Medal in recognition of her outstanding work on August 22, 1945 at a ceremony on the Palace parade grounds in Caserta.

Yes, you ought to meet and know the C. O. of the largest and best WAC installation in Italy.

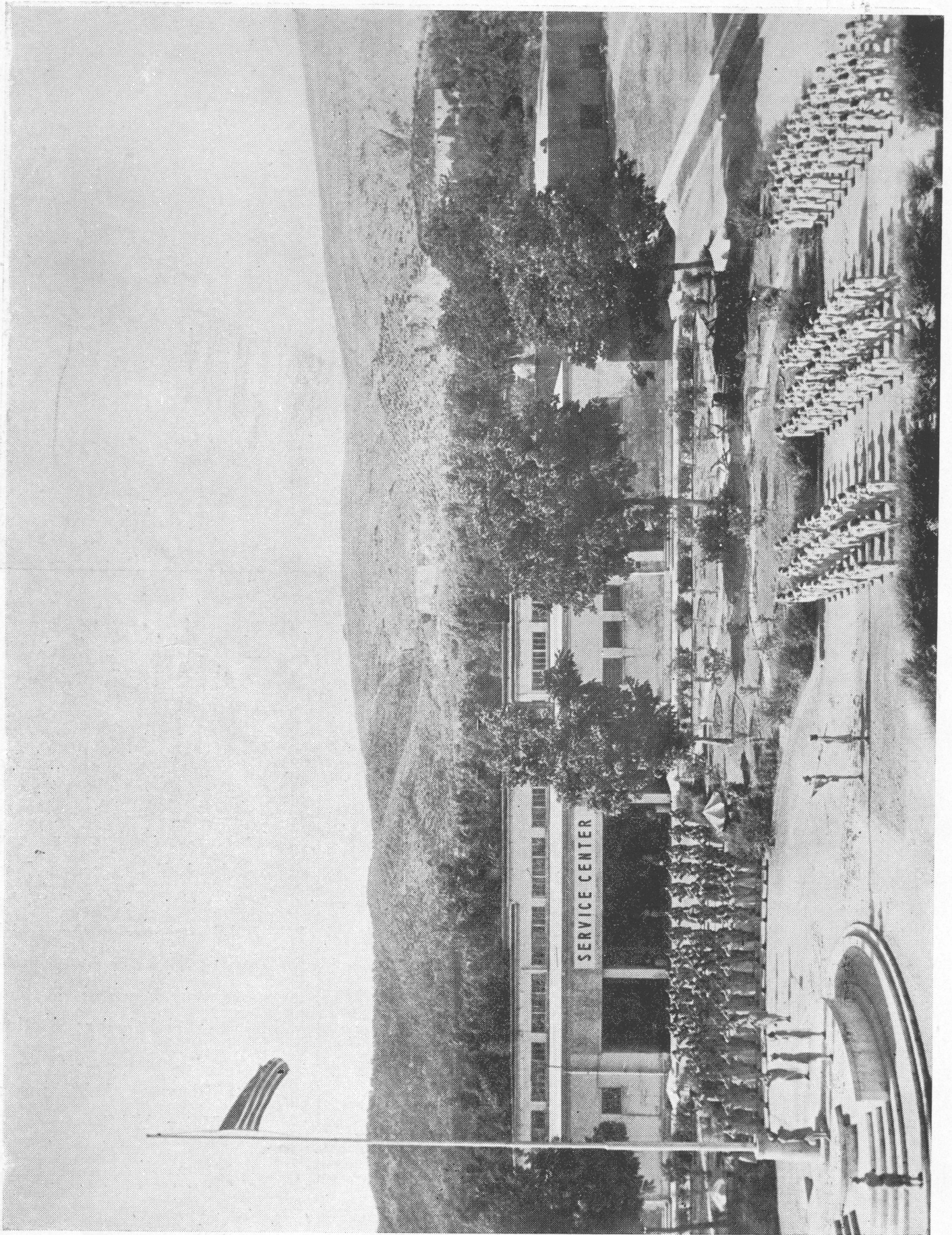


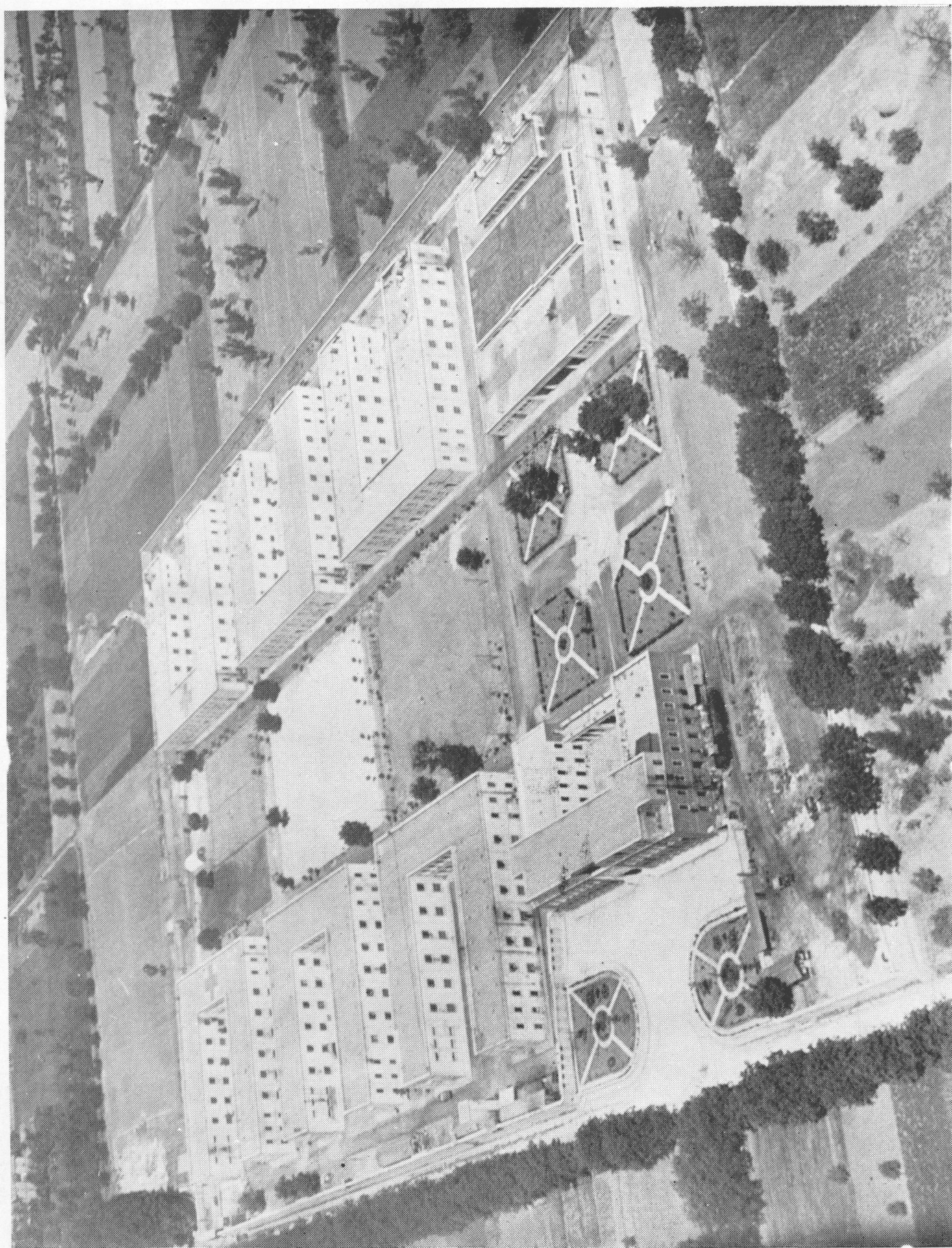


To the women with whom I served In World War II

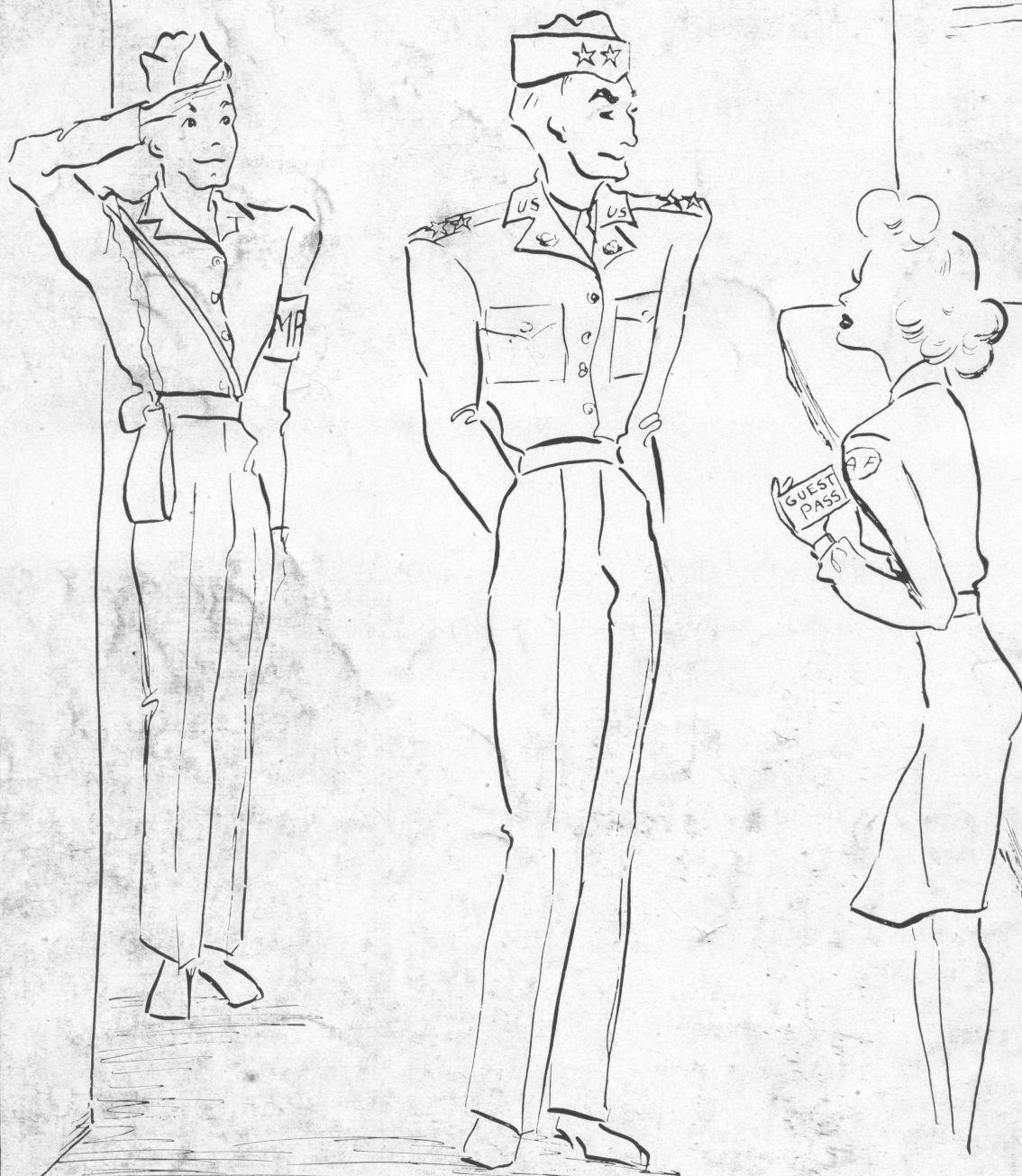
On looking back over our many months together in North Africa and Italy, recalling our many experiences, and reviewing our long list of accomplishments, I cannot help feeling a tremendous pride and satisfaction in having served with you. This experience, which is about to fade into the past, will always be a separate and distinct entity enjoyed by all of us, holding always a very special place in the realm of our recollection. To me, it will always be the thought of the immense privilege that it has been to have served as your Commanding Officer at the time when our thoughts and efforts were turned toward a single objective, final victory over the enemy and the preservation of our way of life.

HORTENSE M. BOUTELL
Major, WAC

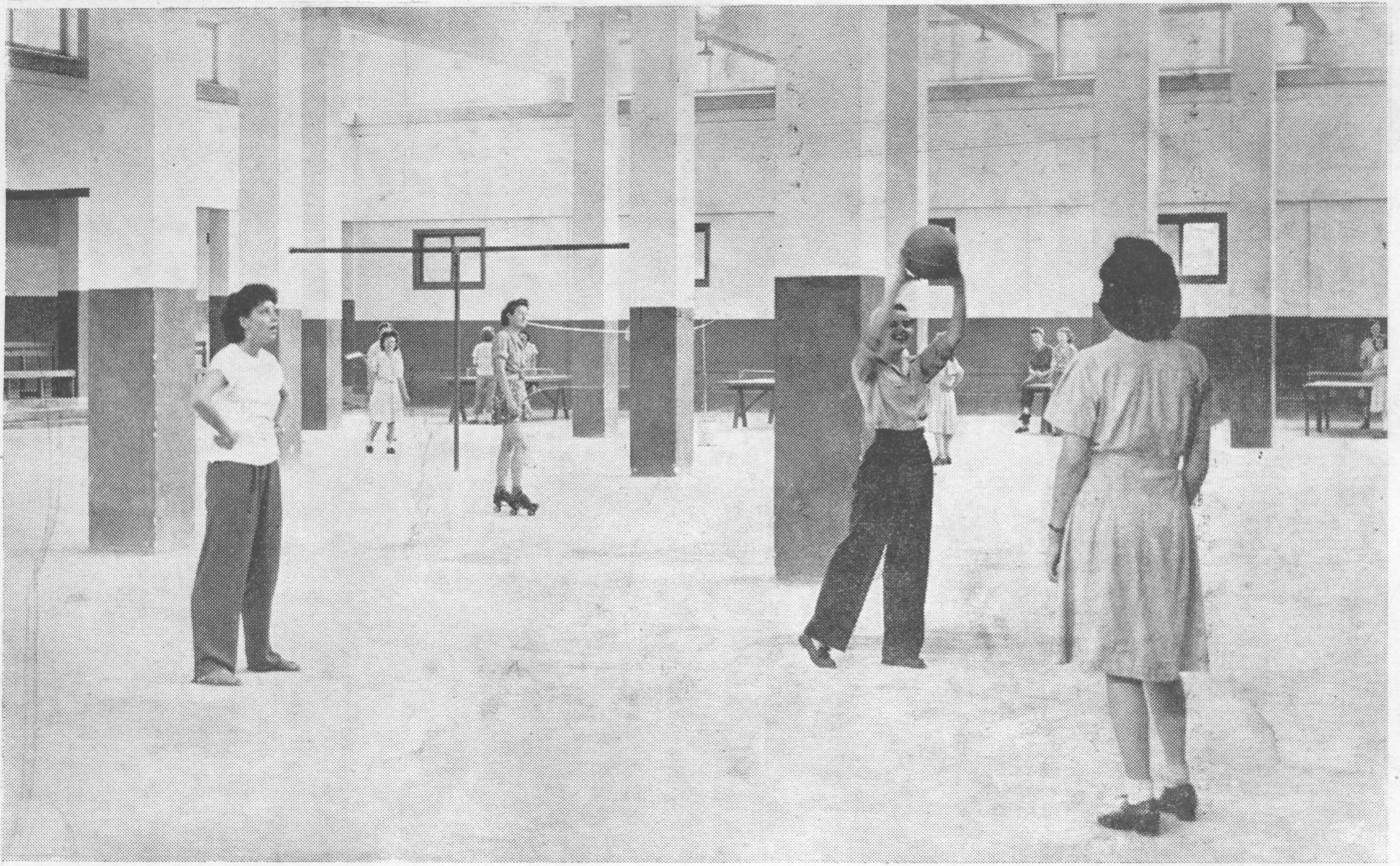




WAC GATE



NAME, RANK & SERIAL NUMBER, PLEASE SIR?



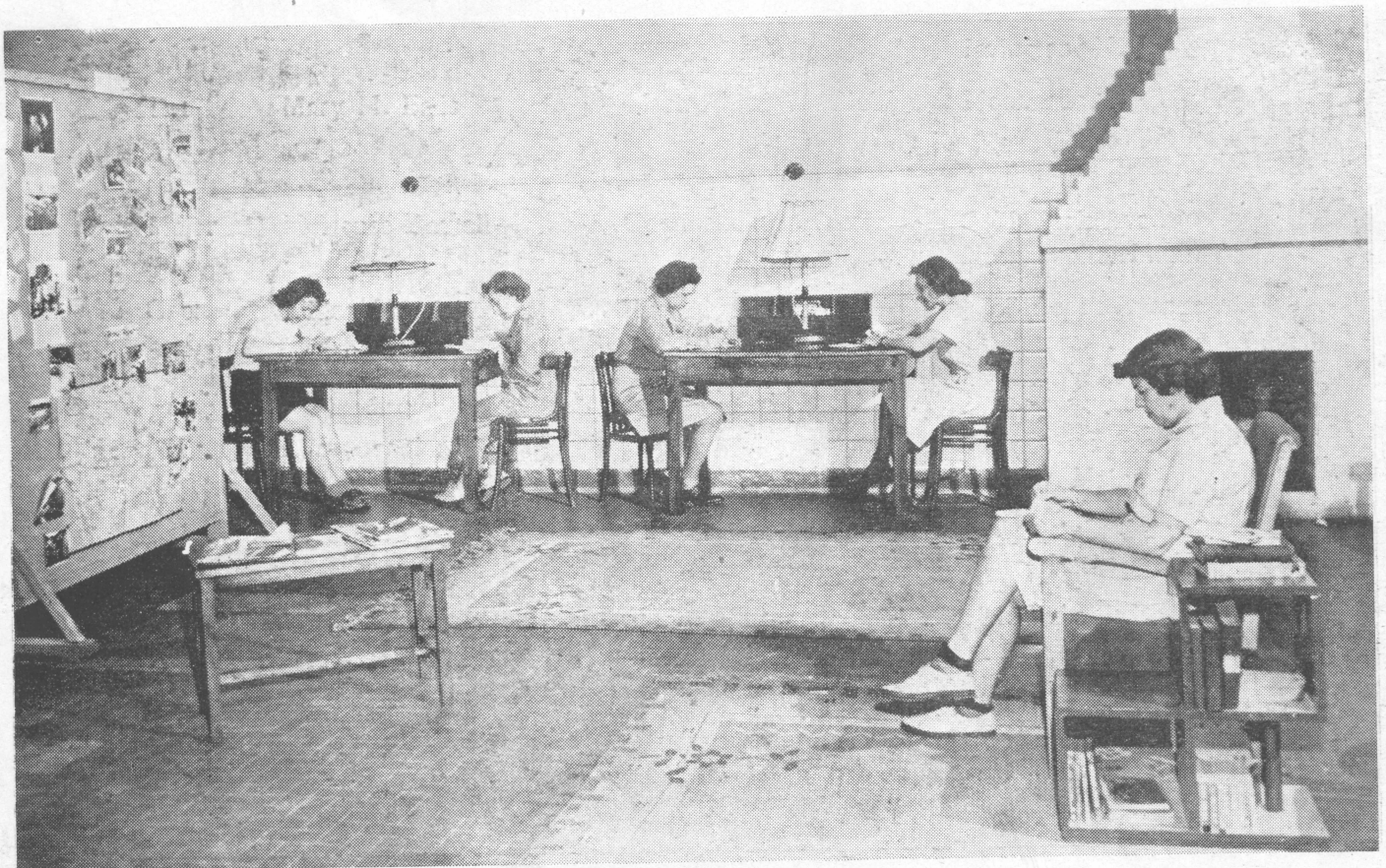
It's the Goal



Stop and Shop



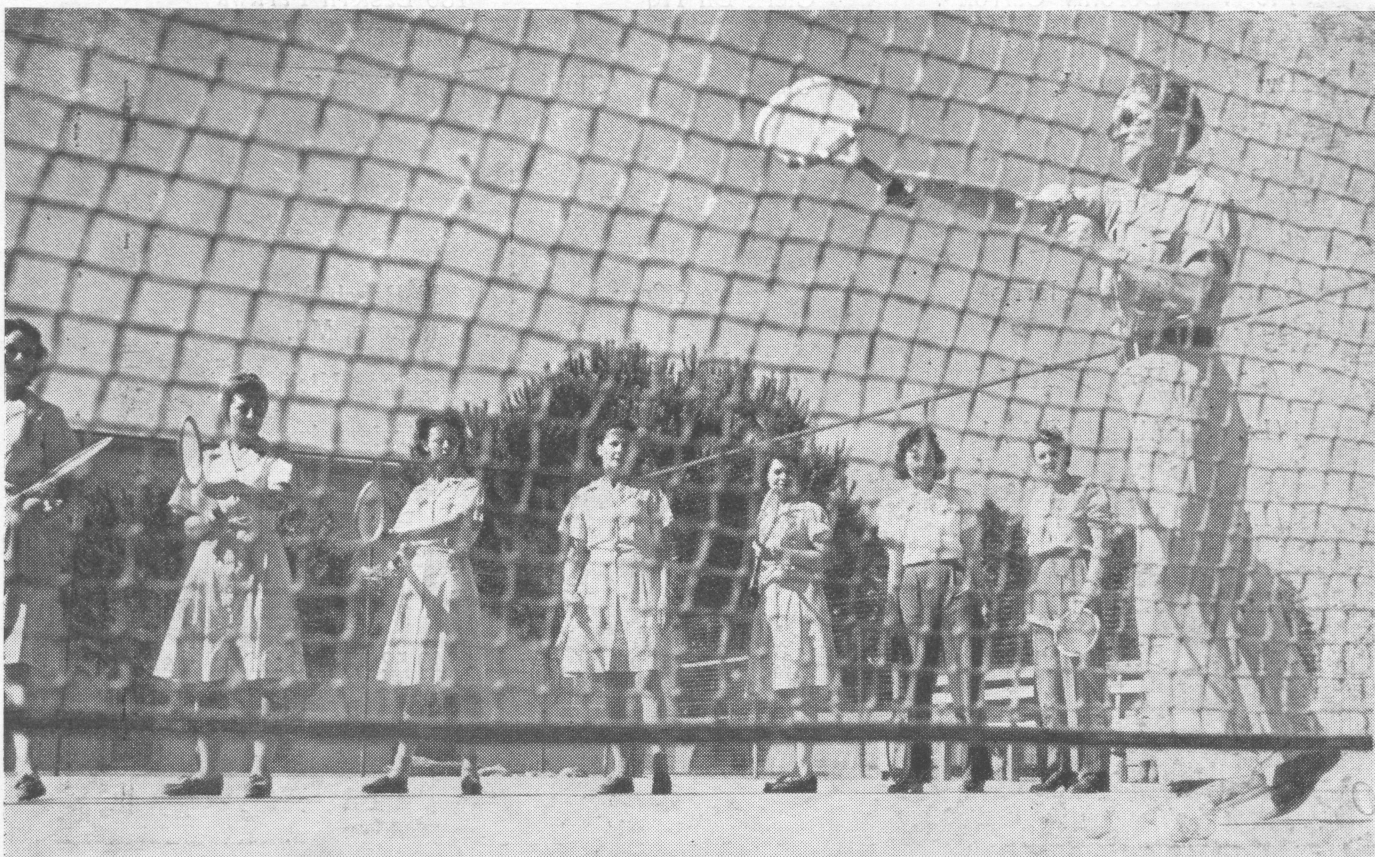
Wac Lounge



Library



Tennis Courts



Hunt Gives a Lesson

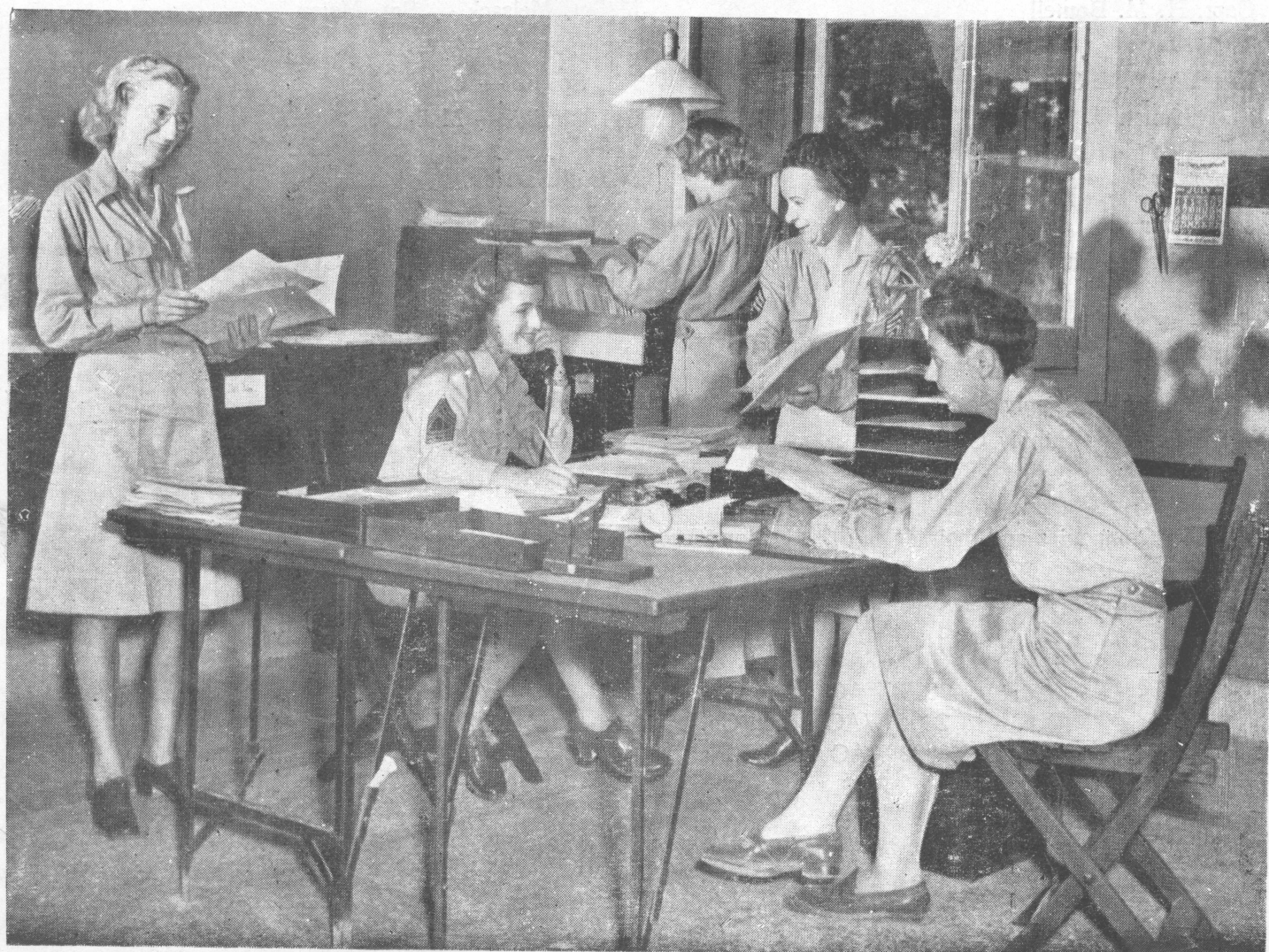
ROSTER

2629 WAC BN. HQ.

GRADE	NAME	DUTY	HOME ADDRESS
M/Sgt	Helen T. Power	Personnel Sgt Major	101 Wistaria Way Piedmont, Calif
Sgt	Trudee J. Melsack	Bn Sgt Major	121 East Oak St., Chicago, Ill
T/Sgt	Gwendolyn Hyatt	Personnel Sgt	New Mexico
S/Sgt	Katherine Kuhne	Supply Sgt	31 South Elm St., Long Island, N. Y.
Tec 4	Jane Eby	Special Services	Helena, Montana
Cpl	Edith Marini	Bn Mail Clerk	921 West 22 St., Erie, Pa.
Tec 5	Dorothy J. Hunt	Special Services	9 Drury Lane Palisades, N.J.
Tec 5	Katherine Patrick	Cook Off Mess	218 Whittier, San Antonio, Texas
Tec 5	Marcello McPherson	Cook Off Mess	Scottsbluff, Neb
Pfc	Dorothy Carroll	Clerk Bn Hq	186 Eastern Parkway Irvington, N. J.
Pvt	Mary H. Eads	Clerk Allied W/Club	Monticello, Ky
Major	Hortense Boutell	Commanding Officer	2801 Park Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
Capt.	Lillian Harris	Executive officer	3759 Beech Avenue Baltimore, Md.
1/Lt.	Roberta Reed	Adjutant	Flushing, Mich.
1/Lt.	Alice Bradford	Supply	7 Fairview Ave. Auburn, Maine
1/Lt.	Vera Kalley	Sp. Services	294 Plainfield Ave., Floral Park, N. Y.
1/Lt.	Frances Ivory	Asst. Adjutant	1845 Yuba St. Redding, Calif.
Capt.	Bernice Pulver	Motor Transport	1640 52 Ave., Oakland, Calif.



Administrative



Personnel

2629TH WAC BATTALION HISTORY

PHASE I. — Organization-Early Days, Moves — Algiers to Caserta

By 1 June 1944 the grasshoppers had taken over on Rue Michelet and some Sengalese said "the locusts will bring peace in this year" but things went on as usual. The plan was already completed, General Sawbridge, Chief of Staff, G—1 Division, NATOUSA had approved it — "Instruct the C. O., HCAF to organize the 2629th WAC Battalion Headquarters (Prov)... thereby accomplishing a single command for all WAC units serving a common purpose... AFHQ. Well, it seemed like a good idea — the question was; would it work? and if so for how long? Everybody had an opinion — we thought it would. We were activated on 13 June at Algiers and we rapidly acquired our starting line-up which looked like this: Battalion Headquarters only, Strength 5 Officers, 9 EW; our combined strength 51 Officers, 835 EW.

THIS WAS THE SET-UP:

COMMANDING OFFICER

Capt. H. M. Boutell

Executive I. & S-3

Lt. Ruthman

Motor Pool

Lt. Pulver

Sgt. Spiers — Mtr. Sgt.

S-4

Lt. McCauley

T/4 Dundas — Supply Sgt.

T/5 Maloney — Supply Clerk

S-1 & S-2

M/Sgt. Melsack — Sgt. Major

S/Sgt. Power — Pers. Sgt.

Sgt. Spears — Chief Clerk

Cpl. Marini — Mail Clerk

Special Services

Lt. Kalley

T/4 Eby — Spec. Serv. NCO

Medical

Lt. Garber

T/4 Hawley

Sgt. Baughcome

Cpl. Harris

The Companies and their dates of activation were as follows:

6666 WAC Hq. Co.	17 June 1944
6667 WAC Hq. Co.	17 June 1944
6715 WAC Comm. Co.	17 June 1944
2666 WAC Wires Co.	25 July 1944
2664 WAC Postal Co.	25 July 1944
6722 WAC Comm. Plat.	17 June 1944

We established our headquarters in two torrid Nissen huts on the Rue Michelet near the Junior Officers' Mess, procured desks, chairs, two Jeeps, and a telephone and immediately went to work.

Suddenly things began to happen, AFHQ decided to move to Caserta, Italy. General Tully, Chief Signal Officer, instructed us to move the 6715th WAC Communications Company on 30 June 1944. We immediately dispatched Lt. Ruthman to the new location to look over the real estate and find us a home.

She was extremely successful and we secured the 51st Italian Artillery Unit barracks, at that time occupied by the 14th and 15th Canadian Hospitals. The hospitals consolidated and one half of the area was made available to us and the 602 ATS Coy.

Our various units moved to Caserta in several echelons; the Headquarters was split into a Forward and Rear to accomplish the move with the Ville d'Oran diligently transporting us across the Mediterranean many times.

By 15 August the 6722d WAC Communications Platoon was established in Rome, operating a rest hotel and supplying signal personnel for the Rome installations; and on 3 September the last shipment from Algiers was completed.

On 21 August the first replacement contingent arrived into the newly established WAC Replacement Depot which was to become a very important function of the Battalion in the future. The objective at this time of the WAC Replacement Depot was to process all WAC personnel arriving into the theater as replacements and all WAC personnel leaving the theater for rotation, TD, or reasons other than medical.



PHASE II — The First Settlement.

1 September 1944 we all fell out for a parade on the occasion of the First Anniversary in the AUS. Lt. General Eaker, CG, MAAF, took the review and Commended us all on the accomplishment of the WAC. Each company was settling into its new home — making plans, decorating day rooms, and preparing for the holiday season, and the coldest winter in Italy (according to the natives). The Motor Pool was set up, the Battalion Headquarters was established in the Administrative building, which also accommodated the Officers' Mess and lounge and officers' quarters.

We became largely self-sufficient employing approximately 150 Italian civilians to work in the Area supplementing our overhead, operated our own Motor Pool, S-4 and ration breakdown, soup kitchen, consolidated personnel section, PX, Beauty Parlor, and Tailor Shop, with each unit operating a mess of its own. Our Area, Replacements, and returnees were being processed through our depot monthly and things were settling down to a well regulated level — the situation was normal.

On 30 September, Captain Ruthman, Executive Officer, was transferred to SHAEF and Lt. McCauley left S-4 for 6666th WAC Hq. Co. Lt. Barnaby became Executive Officer and Lt. Bradford, S-4 on 21 October. The Air Corps authorized us a quota for the Rest Area on the Isle of Capri and the tourists set forth for what proved to be our most popular rest area for a long time to come.

With the closing of Comzone, MTOUSA, the remainder of the 6668th WAC Hq and the 6717th WAC Comm. Platoon were transferred to us. After a long campaign we finally won our Comzone cohorts over to us by a gradual process of absorption — and *co-operation on all sides*. The holiday season culminated our year with a series of company parties, Christmas Carols from the AFHQ Choir, Colonel Ramsey visiting the messes on Christmas day.



PHASE III — Expansion.

For several months now we had been peering through the fence that separated our area from the 15th Canadian Hospital which occupied half of the former Artillery barracks compound. We had thought of things that could be done with an expanded area, a gymnasium, Service Center, and recreation areas.

On 13 February 1945 Major General O. Nelson, Deputy Theater Commander, inspected our area and recommended the expansion and approved the action. The 15th Canadian moved — and we took over the area. We went to work with our plans. We would provide the members of the Women's Army Corps in MTOUSA the finest billet accommodation and services to be found in the field or at a permanent post, camp, or station. We put our heads together-everybody planned, recommended, and suggested. This is what we did.

The fence came down, and : —

1. The central area was made into a recreation area, volleyball, badminton, and tennis courts, drill area, and baseball diamond.

2. Buildings were converted with :

- a. Expanded kitchen space.
- b. Individual rooms replaced open barracks area.
- c. Inside hot water showers in each building.
- d. Billet accommodations were doubled.

A Service Center with indoor recreation facilities was provided. In the course of these events our staff changed. Lt. Ivory joined us as Assistant Adjutant, 2 January 1945; Lt. Barnaby left for PBS and on 14 January Captain Harris came in as Executive Officer and S-3. On 21 February Lt. Merot left us for the AG Section, MTOUSA, and Lt. Reed became our S-1 and 2. On 17 March 1945 Captain Garber (our Medical Officer) left on an extended trip to marry Major Tate of the Canadian Army. On 4 April 1945 Lt. McCauley, who managed the MTOUSA basketball tournaments and the Battalion play-offs in which our 2664th WAC Postal Company team was triumphant, was appointed Battalion Athletic Officer in addition to other duties.

In conjunction with the British Women's Services and under the direction of Captain Winslow the Allied Service Women's Club was opened on 26 April 1945.

On 14 May 1 1945, commemorating the Third Anniversary of the founding of the Women's Army Corps, General McNarney, the Theater Commander, was invited to take a review in our area with all companies participating. Following the review which incorporated the first retreat ceremony in our expanded area, General McNarney inspected the facilities and attended an Open House at the Replacement Depot. This culminated a long period of expansion, planning and commenced a realization of all of our greatest expectations for our Battalion.



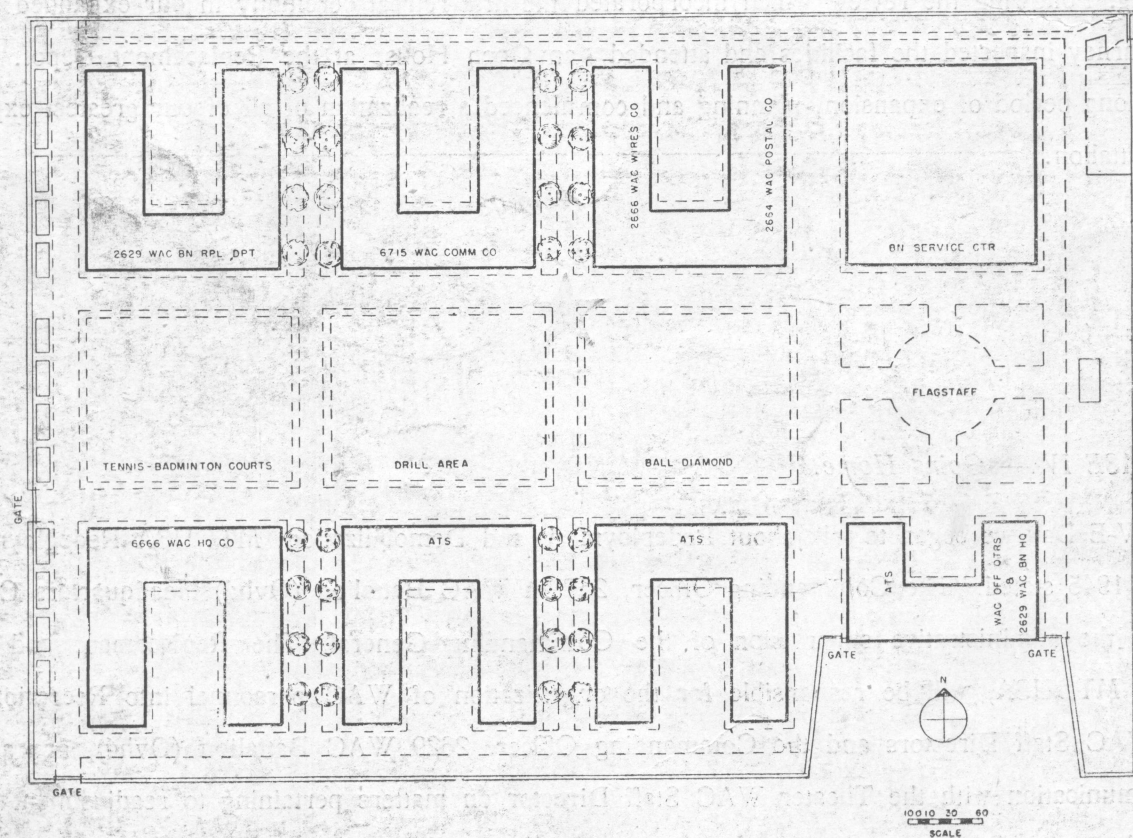
PHASE IV — Going Home.

After V-E Day we began to talk about Redeployment and Demobilization, MTOUSA Redeployment No. 2, 20 May 1945 stated "The Commanding Officer, 2629th WAC Battalion (Ovhd) Headquarters Command, AF, under the administrative supervision of the Commanding General, The Replacement and Training Command, MTOUSA, will be responsible for the organization of WAC personnel into Reception Station Groups. WAC Staff Directors and the Commanding Officer, 2629 WAC Battalion (Ovhd), are authorized direct communication with the Theater WAC Staff Director on matters pertaining to readjustment of WAC personnel."

This was to be our principle job in the final phase of our history. To accomplish this we were placed under the operational control of the Replacement & Training Command, 8 May 1945. Captain Winslow was appointed Liaison Officer with the Replacement & Training Command as officer-in-charge of the WC Replacement Depot of the 2629th Battalion. In May the first quota of WACs to be returned to the USA for re-deployment was established, and on 2 June the first group left by air via the "Green Project." We were all very busy adding up our scores — the highest was 67 points, Tec 4, Vicenta B. Torres, and 5/6 of us were eligible for discharge under the tentative critical score of 44. In order that the Replacement Depot could accommodate the added personnel to be processed under the Redeployment plan a consolidation of the 6666th and 6667th WAC Hq Companies was requested and orders came out on 8 July 1945 inactivating the 6667th Company. The Depot was expanded to maximum capacity of 300 EW's.

Our assigned strength began to gradually decrease as our personnel was called up to go home. In May we processed 100, June 100, and our quota for July 200. About half of this was allocated to the Air Forces, P. B. S., Rome Area and Fifth Army, and half to AFHQ.

After over one year of continued operation, as we look back over our progress, we think our plan was a good one and it did work.



2629 Wac Bn, Area

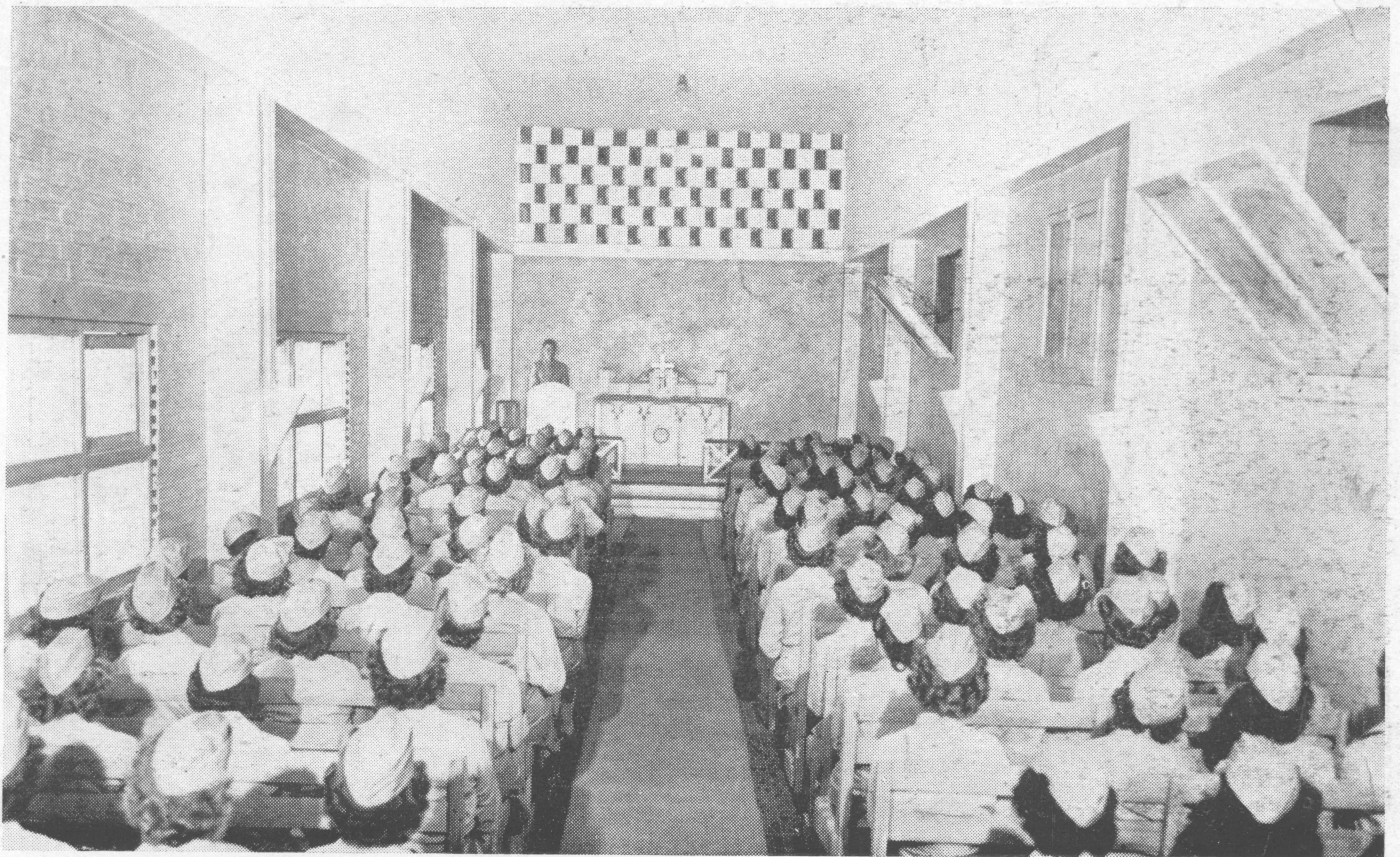




Bicycle

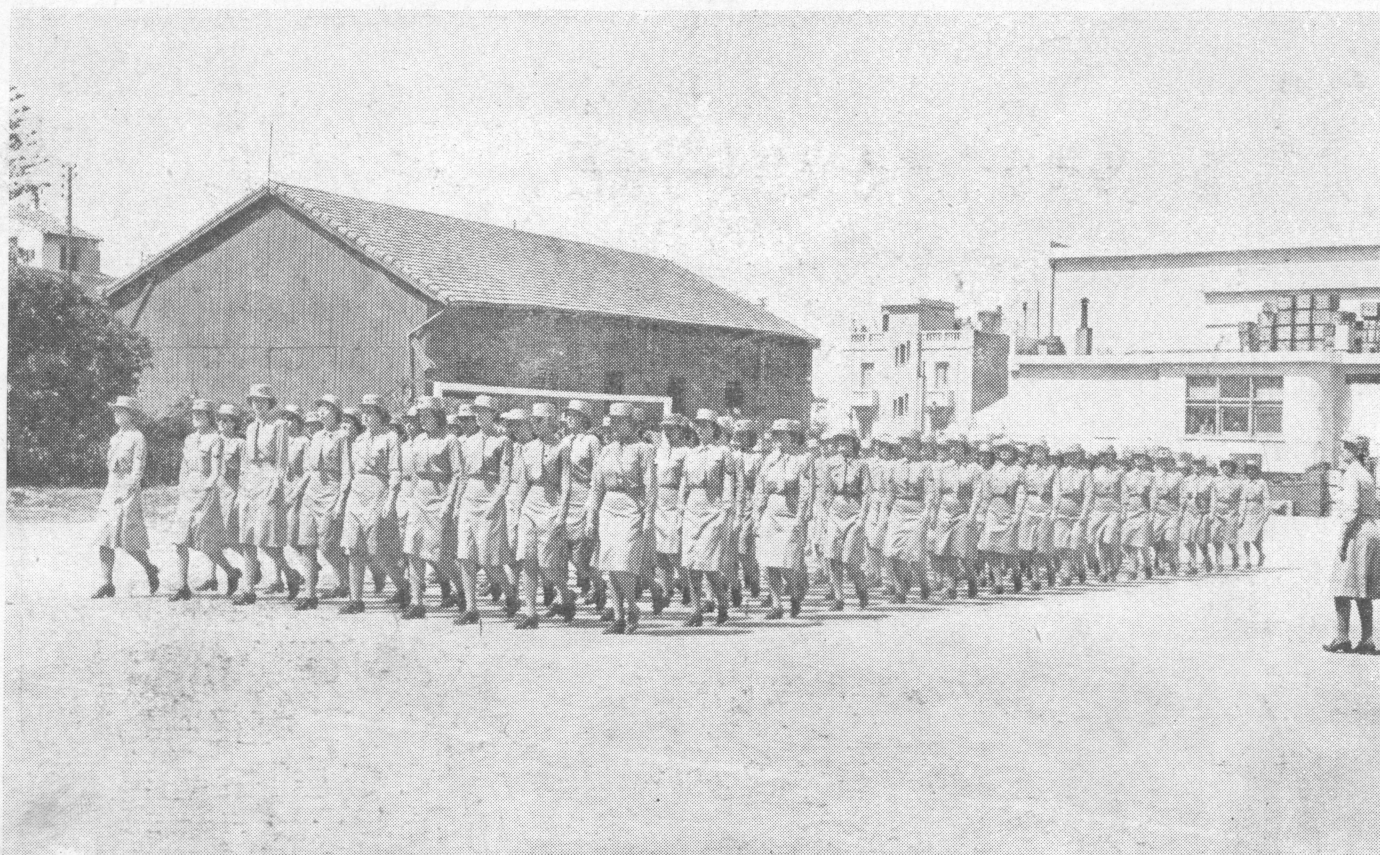


Beauty Parlor



WACS AT WORSHIP





Medal of Honor



At Prayer

REMEMBER,

REMEMBER

Now

Josephine Strohecker

Anne G. Hemphill

Millicent M. Yates

Freida Goldberg

Norma Sue Porter

Anne M. Fisher

Ida R. Labien

Gladys Maroon

Lisa Tucker

**THE SUNDOWN S
AND SERENE**

AWARDS

2629TH WAC BATTALION

SOLDIER'S MEDAL

Margaret H. Maloney

6667



LEGION OF MERIT

Ella Wright

2666

Hortense Boutell

2629

Irene F. Scott

PRS



BRONZE STAR MEDAL

Mayme C. Norton

6666

Doris M. Dennis

6666

Florence Silverman

6666

Ethel Johnson

6666

Geraldine Ramsdell

6666

Fay Gavend

6666

Mary Taylor

6666

Gertrude Norris

2666

Dorothy Small

6667

Evelyn Nelson

6666

BRONZE STAR MEDAL

Gertrude K. Handle

6666

May R. Romano

6666

Thelma Steinberg

6715

Helen Power

2629

Ella Murphy

6666

Elodie Ott

2666

May Hurst

6666

May Raymond

6666

Betty Tucker

6666

B. J. O'Leary

6667

Mildred Jose

6666

Eunice Tilley

6666

Betsy Parker

CPDS

Ona Freeman

6666

Elizabeth H. Lewis

6666

Sarah M. Mitten

6666

Katherine M. Pyle

6666



ORDER OF BRITISH EMPIRE

Anne Quinn

Lorena Hermance







Mondragone Beach



Again



"A most surprising health record"



WAC REPLACEMENT DEPOT

One of the outstanding contributions has been the setting up and administering of the WAC Replacement Depot by the 2629th WAC Battalion.

The purpose of the only WAC « Repple Depple » in Italy has been to process the hundreds of Wacs returning to the States and the few receiving discharges in the theater.

To do this job and, anyone who has been in the model Repple Depple can tell you that it has been done* mighty well, the officers and cadre have all done work far beyond the call of duty. Under the able and happy supervision of Captain Louise Winslow, returnees have been quickly and efficiently checked. Assisting her and doing the gigantic task of supply is First Lieutenant Elsie Haaker. First Lieutenant Esmee Hewitt recently joined the officers of this project.

Sergeant Virginia Caffrey is the first sergeant. Until a short time ago, Sgt. Donny Donovan was in the supply room. Sgt. Dorothy Hoeft handles the mess and if the women who pass through her mess line had anything to do with this, she would receive the highest awards.

There are many others who have all contributed their share to the functioning of the depot and above you see them — — — you know them and you know what a job they have done.

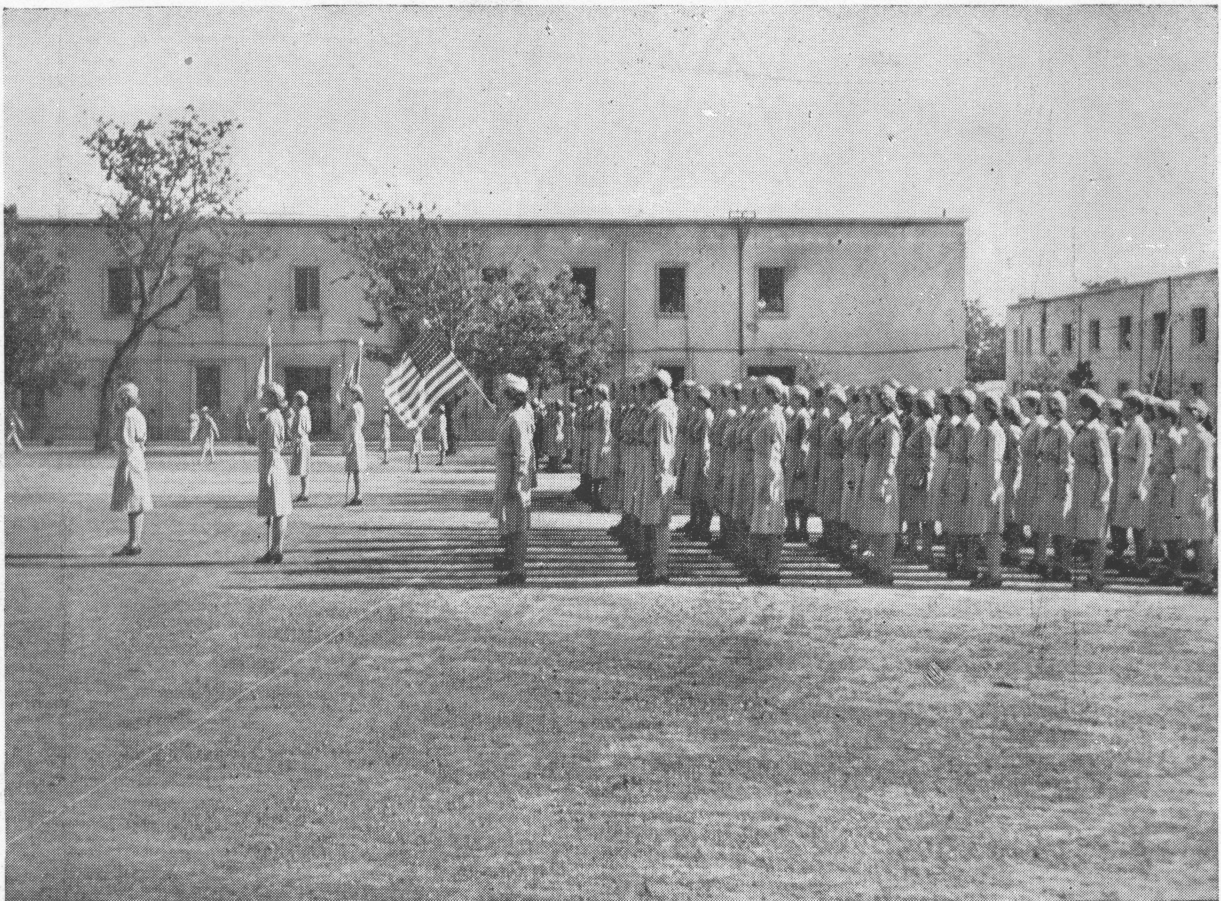
Thanks, Repple Depple gang — — — and don't forget to come home, yourselves, one of these days.



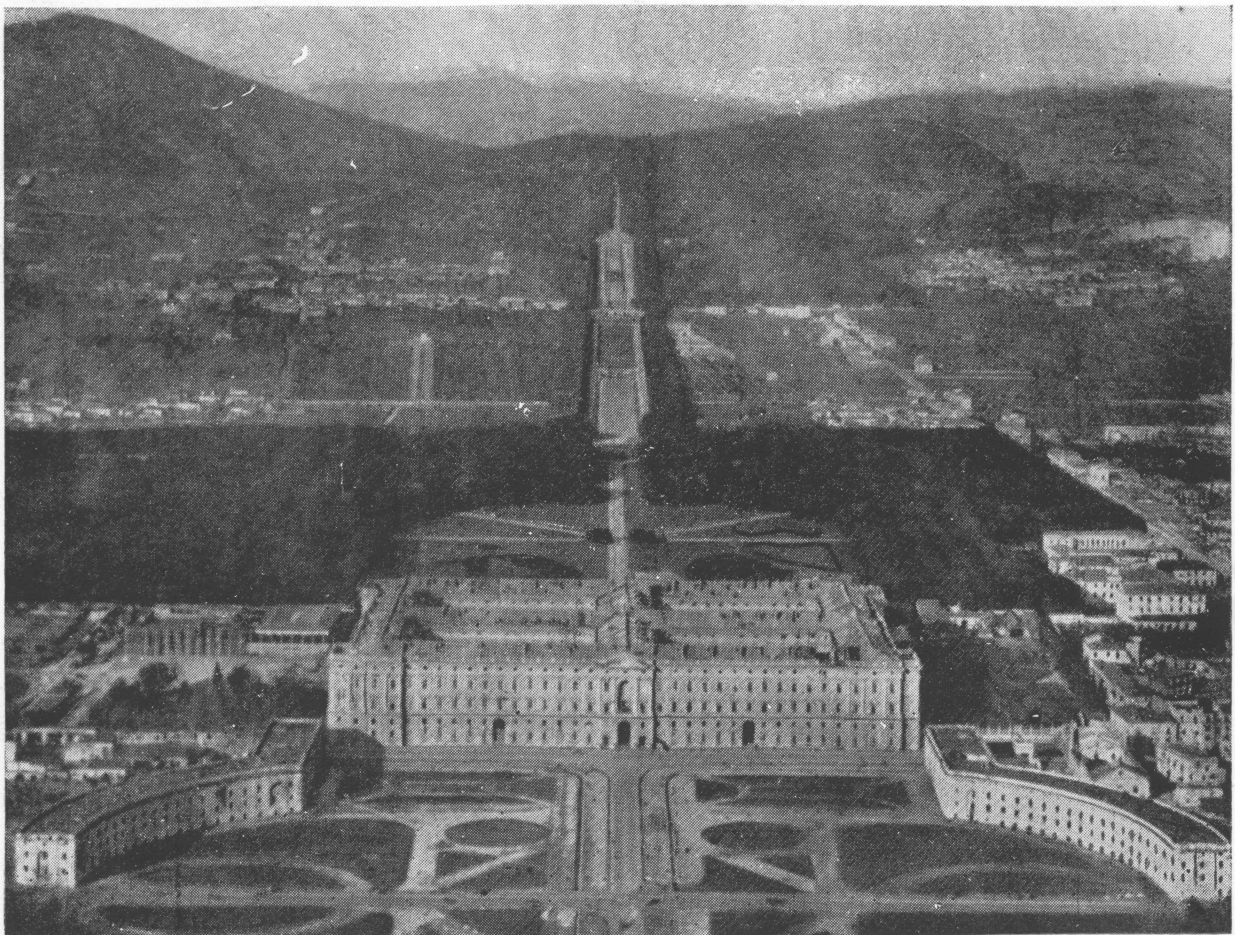
Remember Zeralda



[Allied Service Women's Club



Third Wac Anniversary May 12, 1945



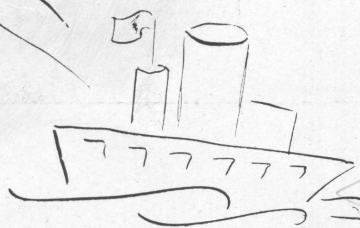
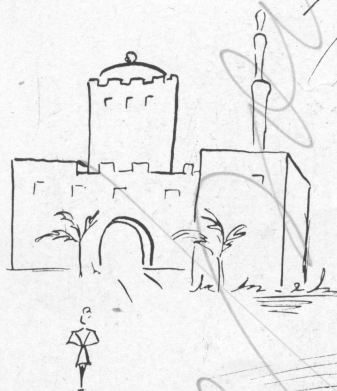
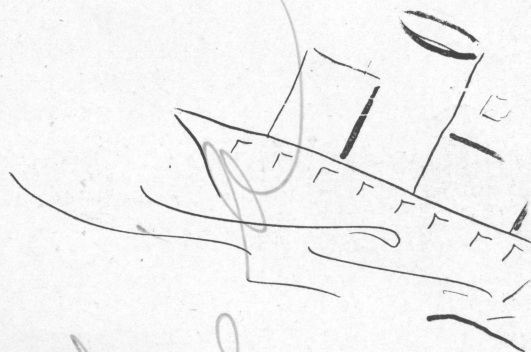
House of Toil

HAIR ...
WILL BE NEAT !



UNCLE SAM'S UNDIES - WE WEAR 'EM !





CASERTA
ITALY



TO PALACE



SALLY LEAC.



NAPOLI - Suburb of Caserta



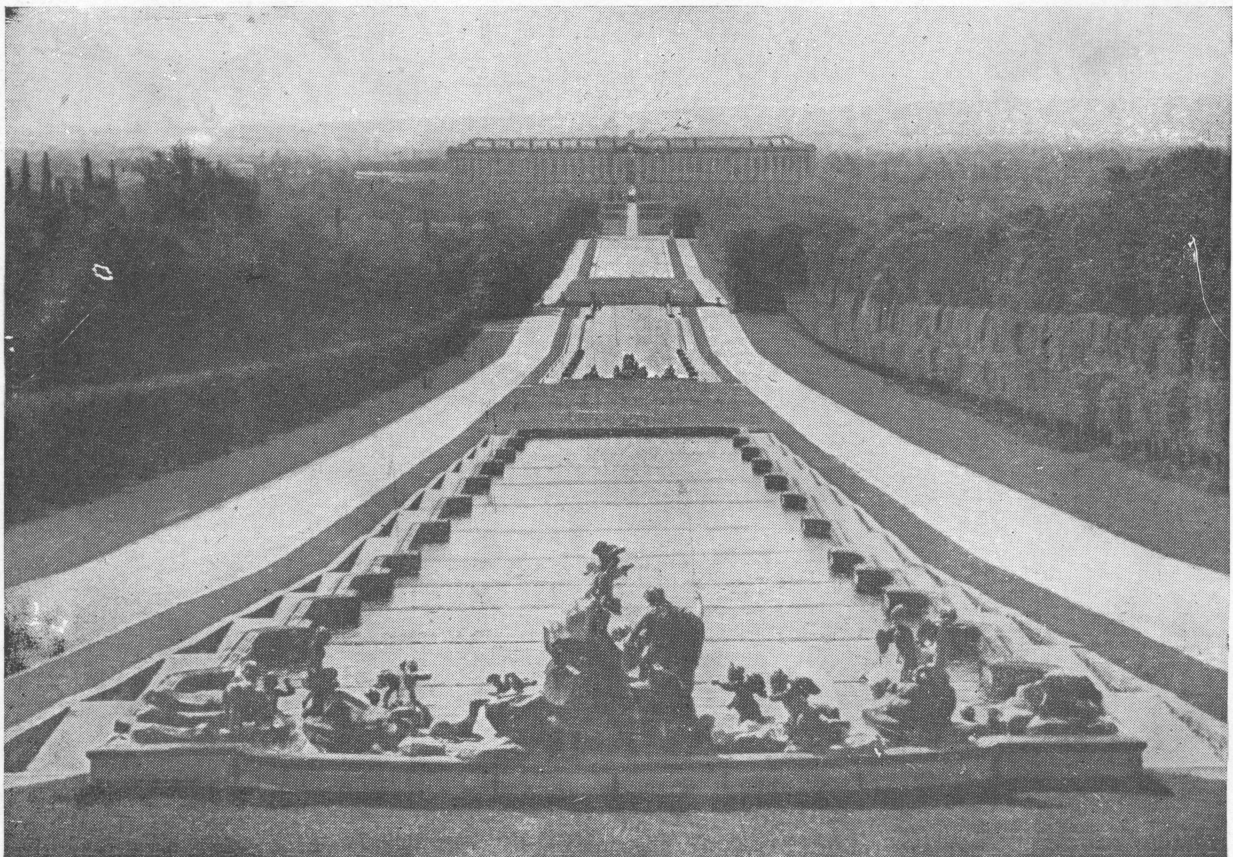
6666th WAC Hq Co



Andy's Coffee Shop



Supply Room



A Place of Beauty is a Joy Forever

FROM THEN UNTIL NOW *The 6666th*

CHAPTER I

Home on the Range

It was on the 9th of November 1942 — the day after the invasion of French North Africa — that the 75th and 76th Companies, making up the 1st WAAC Separate Battalion, left Fort Des Moines and headed for Florida.

Daytona Beach wasn't bad. For the younger of the two Companies, the 76th, going to Army Administration School and having a certain amount of time it could call its own, life was fairly pleasant. But the 75th sweated through various routine Army jobs, made blackout curtains and cleaned up hotels till Florida lost all semblance of a land of play.

We were going overseas — England, everybody knew — but that invasion changed matters slightly. Colonel Hobby appeared one day and announced that a single Company was needed immediately to be sent to a Combat Zone — step up and volunteer, please. We stepped, and then amidst much wailing and gnashing of teeth, the list of those who were going was read to the assembled Companies. That was our first mass break-up, and how it hurt! The newly born 149th WAAC Post Hq Co moved from the Osceola Hotel to the Ridgewood, where we were joined by 26 more WAACs straight from Des Moines. There we got our first taste of mail censorship, and spent hours speculating on the future. When they issued mosquito netting, we were convinced — it had to be Africa.

Two days after Christmas we left Florida for two and a half weeks of final preparations at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. The Army was out to prove we could take it — if it killed us — so they were strenuous and uncomfortable weeks of drilling (mostly we had the drill fields to ourselves; it was too cold for the men) and hiking and carrying barracks bags in dry runs. And over it all hovered the Army photographer, snapping our every move. The suspicion that we had to do some things simply so he could photograph us as we did them didn't help his popularity any, and it got so we were snapping at *him* — though not with cameras.

The 13th of January 1943 founds us leaving Kilmer, bowed down 'neath the weight of helmets, musette bags, cartridge belts, and canteens, gas masks, etc. We tottered up the gangplank, dragging, not carrying one barracks bag behind us. We felt it would be undignified to fall flat on our faces at this dramatic moment.

Our 13 days on the SANTA PAULA were marred by seasickness, crowded quarters, not enough food, and a Troop Commander, who was evidently distraught with the horror of finding himself the first to cross the ocean with enlisted women in his charge. By the end of the voyage the concensus of opinion was that if we couldn't fly home, we'd just never go back.

CHAPTER II

Hush, Child, it's only Algiers

Sure enough, it was Africa. We stayed in Oran just long enough to get to the railroad station and exchange stares with our first Arabs. The 12-hour rail trip to Algiers left us with depleted stores of chawkets, bon-bons, and cigarettes for papa (we always hoped that papa got *his*), and also caused us to realize that all Africa wasn't « Darkest.»

Late that night we rode up to El Biar in GI trucks, alarmed as the ride went on and wondering how we'd *ever* manage to get into town. Then we stumbled into a courtyard and looked around us — « My G — —, it's a *Convent!* » exclaimed Norma Strauss. « Mother should see me now! »

On the whole, we settled down pretty quickly. Life had many entertaining new features: C-Rations, soaping clothes on a trough-like affair of stone in the courtyard and washing them in steel helmets; gazing reproachfully at the sinks in the latrine (they were hollow mockeries, because except in the very early morning, all water, including that for the johns, had to be carried up from the courtyard in helmets and buckets); skulking about indoors with our mess kits till the chow whistle blew, because a chow line that formed in advance in the courtyard might be spotted by enemy recon planes; fending off the bees which delighted in buzzing around the eternal apple butter, and occasionally got entangled in it; gathering in the laundry hung in the courtyard before darkness, because it made a good target for raiding planes; sitting in the convent grounds to await action, we knew things were getting close; battling the fleas that invaded our straw mattresses; closing the shutters each night at black-out time; seeing our first overseas movie, an ancient one shown in the crowded and stuffy mess hall; and many another fascinating item. The WAAC infirmary was in one of the convent rooms, and sick call was held right in the building. During air raids, at no matter what time of the night, the girl on the third floor had to come downstairs and crawl into bed with someone else. It had originally been the plan to make us don blue jeans and take shelter in trenches out in the grounds, but to nobody, regret this project never came off. At first, you had to be in by 1730 hours, unless you fought your way to the pass list at least a day in advance and signed up for a 2030 pass. Later that was raised to 2130, and by signing up about a *week* in advance you could get one 2300 pass per week.

The majority of the WAACs started to work at AFHQ about the first of February. There were some who couldn't have been called rapturous at this feminine invasion, but in the main the reactions were favorable (« American girls! I ought to sit down and talk with you instead of dictating! ») and the telephone operators especially met with amazed incredulity on all sides.

Company meetings (held in the mess hall, which was also the Day Room) were rather stormy affairs, and became more so when the first stripes were handed out — with Auxiliaries. Promotions were up to the Company, not to the Sections, and feeling ran rather high at times.

The Convent wasn't exactly uncrowded, besides being quite a distance from most of the offices, and with the prospect of getting more WAACs in from the States, it became necessary to find additional quarters. So in due course Captain Marquis announced that the Company would live partly in the « Town House » and partly in the « Country House » (the Convent), depending on where the girls worked. Once again friends were split up as some of us moved to the Town House around the first of May, but at least this time it wasn't permanent. The Town House was almost across the street from AFHQ in the St. George and Alexandria Hotels, and so convenient that it made up for being so ugly, though with its view of the harbor, who could say it *was* ugly? The Country House was inconvenient and somewhat primitive, but it was quieter and you could walk about the grounds without creating a traffic jam. Furthermore, during the summer of 1943, the Town House suffered a hideous shortage of water — it would be off all day; sometimes it would come on for a while at some unearthly hour like 0200, and if a WAAC happened to be up at that time and found it running, she'd rouse others, and there'd be great splashings as people got up to take baths and store water in tubs, pans, and anything else available.

The 68 new WAACs arrived from the States on 12 May and were treated to one of our best air raids that night. With a little minor feuding on both sides (we kept telling them how easy things were *now*), they joined the 149th.

Maybe our travels bogged down badly after we hit Algiers, but no one can deny that we did plenty of moving *within* Algiers. The next shift came on the 27th of June 1943, when we left the Convent forever and moved downtown into St. Elizabeth's School.

« To re-enlist or not to re-enlist? » was the big question of the summer of 1943. General Eisenhower himself addressed us at St. Elizabeth's, saying that if one WAAC returned to the States, it would be too many (also about this time, Major Boyce mentioned that five-day furloughs would be granted—up to then you had to get married to get a three-day pass — and that we now were to be permitted to go with officers). Some didn't re-enlist, and returned to the States. The rest of us were sworn into the Army on 1 September. We passed in review before General Eisenhower, and the United States Army Band, in dress uniform, played us in. At St. Elizabeth's that night, something had gone wrong with the big dinner that had been planned, so we got C-Rations; and since the meal was late because of the enlistment ceremonies, the French KPs had gone home, and some of us were trapped into doing KP. Ah, it was all so appropriate!

Shortly after that, we moved over to let the newest arrivals, the 6667th share St. Elizabeth's. We must have moved too far, because the next thing we knew, we had to join the rest of our Company at the Town House, leaving St. Elizabeth's wholly to 6667.

Once again we were all together, but little did we know what was coming. Somebody had a brain wave, in the best Army tradition: « Why have WACs who work in the same vicinity scattered all over Algiers, thus wasting transportation? Why not quarter them in the spot nearest their jobs? » Possibly it was a good idea, but the havoc it wrought was awful. It's all very well to say true friend-

ships aren't broken by separation; but Army friendships are built on close association, and sometimes they're the only things that make the Army bearable. Anyway, on 1 March 1944 we were scattered, some to 6667, some to the Museum, some to a new establishment belonging to the 6666th — School No. 1 — and some staying at the Town House. In exchange we got a lot of unhappy WACs from the other Companies, and everybody was pretty dismal.



First Good Conduct Medals Awarded
Town House - Algiers



The above picture was taken as members of the first overseas company gathered in a broadcast studio to tell a curious America that the first year of foreign service was over. That first year had been spent in Algiers and had been packed with experiences that could have been obtained only by serving with the first overseas company in the history of the Women's Army Corps.

During that year the Wacs had seen the victorious culmination of the North African campaign; they had, after hearing the words of their Commanding General, Dwight Eisenhower, enlisted for the second time in the Women's Army Corps.

It was before the Day of Points, yes, even before the days of TD and Rotation. They were the "Town House" and "School No. 1" gang then.

And Wacs, hundreds of Wacs, were coming to North Africa — and air raids had become an event instead of a nightly nuisance.

Helmets were used only as the manual states — as a protective covering. We now had running water and showers. Yes, life had become luxurious — and a bit monotonous.

Another anniversary has come since then. That one found fewer of the Town Housers left. We were in Italy by that time. TD, Rotation, OCS, and marriage had broken up that "old gang of mine." We could sew on four golden stripes. The celebration was less gay but certainly most exclusive.

Now we've hit a fifth stripe — 30 months. We didn't need to hire a hall for that celebration. It was a quiet bunch that gathered that night. We talked it over. "Thirty months is a long time," someone said. Funny thing — 30 months can be long as a century and as short as the time between taps and reveille.

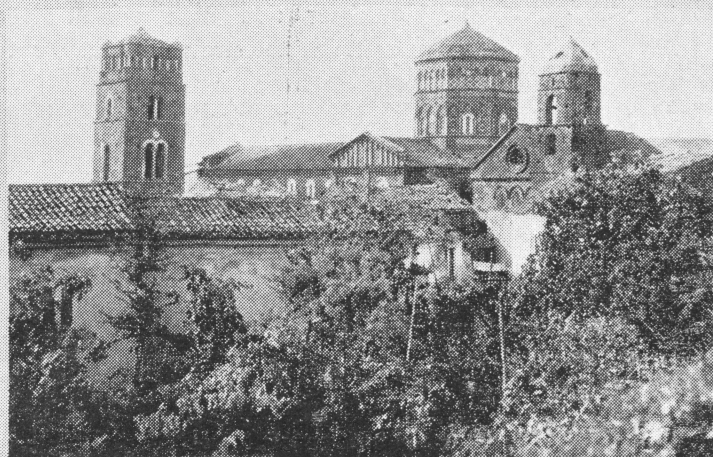
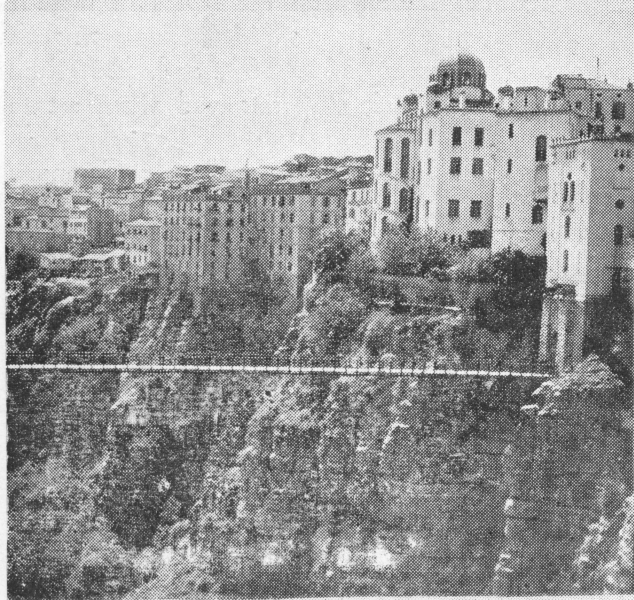
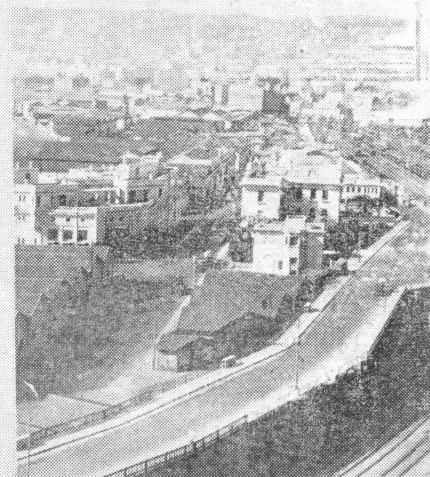
Here's to you "149th."



Long Long Ago



Long Ago



AH! AFRICA!

Europe is the best place to finish your education

The WACs worked for AFHQ and for NATOUSA. The latter was purely American, and according to popular belief, when the move from Africa to Italy should eventually take place, NATOUSA would stay in Africa. The idea of moving had charm for almost everybody, and we gazed in pity and terror at those who wore NATOUSA patches on their shoulders. And valiant efforts were made by those in NATOUSA TO BE TRANSFERRED TO AFHQ. As it turned out, all this was unnecessary – AFHQ and NATOUSA moved at the same time. A huge undertaking, that move to Italy. We went in three echelons, mostly by ship, some by air.

Now we dwell in Caserta, working in the Palace and living in a former hospital. The salient feature of Caserta is DUST, and the Palace doesn't meet with our ideas on how a Palace should look. But we're prepared to bet that this town is better stocked with GI nightclubs than any other overseas, and the Battalion Service Center has an amazing number of facilities which enables any girl to spend a happy evening right in the area, accompanied by the boy friend if she likes. The barracks have lately been improved out of all knowledge, and though they lack the romance of the early days, they're comfortable.

Most of the old faces have gone – some went home on rotation, and lots more have vanished since the war in Europe ended and redeployment set in. We have some WACs from every shipment that came over, from the first to the last, and we annoy the newer ones by saying, every time they mention any little inconvenience, that they should have been here when——, etc., etc.

Only eight of the original members of the 149th are left in the 6666th and fewer than 20 in the entire Battalion – “Survival of the fittest,” we say and “They found a home in the Army,” say others.

M. D.

Wacalendar

- 27 Dec 42 – Goodbye to Florida. Remember our secret exit through the main streets, complete with helmets and gas masks, and that wait at the railroad station with the straps of musette bags digging unmercifully into our backs?
- 28 Dec 42 – Camp Kilmer and nightly wolf lines in front of Barracks 361, 362, and 363. And the cigarette butts strewn about by the GIs which we painfully retrieved when set to police the area.
- 31 Dec 42 – New Year's Eve, and we're restricted! Oh, but didn't we have *su h* a lovely Company party, though!
- 13 Jan 43 – Lois Snowden left behind with pneumonia, as we set off for overseas 196 strong, 191 EW and 5 officers.
- 22 Jan 43 – Oran tumbles into the Mediterranean right before our eyes and we started our train trek for Algiers which was accomplished in eight hours. The transfer from the train to our new convent billet in El-Biar was expedited by Army trucks in complete blackout.
- 29 Jan 43 – Good morning, Jerry! The fear of the unknown became a reality, and we had experienced our first air raid.
- Feb 43 – Our First Sergeant Olmstead could get us in a hurry by blowing a whistle and yelling, “Let's go! French toast for breakfast”.



First Bananas in 30 Months



We March - Under Protest



MATTRESSES ?

JULY 19
1944



, Dust



MESS !

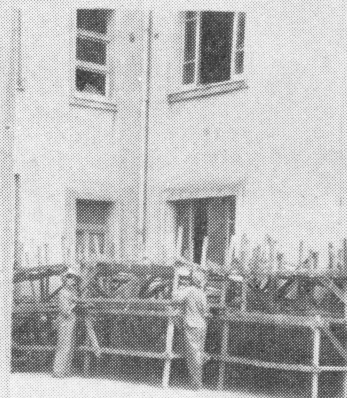


Gloomy Del !



Housekeeping - Then

Move
1cm
in,
Gals!



FIRST DAZE IN ITALIA



Going Home



Survival of the.....

W A C A L E N D A R

- 13 Feb 43 - First mail from home. And first parade overseas, a Tri-Nation one with a French band that kept us thoroughly out of step.
- April 43 - We couldn't look French toast in the face, and nothing could get us up quickly.
- May 43 - New WAACs from the States. And so we had to leave our happy, cloistered home in El-Biar and opened the Town House in Algiers.
- 16 May 43 - Ecky's barracks bag burns to the ground - well, to the balcony, anyway. Refrain from throwing lighted cigarettes out of the window, *please*.
- June 43 - WAACs and French Air WAACs are reviewed by General Giraud. Buffett luncheon at Palais d'ete afterwards.
- 27 June 43 - Duffy's Tavern opens in St. Elizabeth's.
- July 43 - First overseas WAAC marriage - Jo McLane to a British soldier.
- July 43 - Splashing sounds that awakened one at the oddest hours during the night. Those were the waterless days during the Sicilian campaign.
- July 43 - The 149th becomes the 6666th.
- August 43 - Capt Rogers, new CO initiates her new regime. Remember how it came in on waves of doubt as well as of enthusiasm?
- 23 August 43 - Rest Villa opens at Cap Natifou. We were actually able to have a three-day pass for the first time since before Christmas '42.
- 1 Sept 43 - The WAAC becomes the WAC. And we all took the oath en masse and passed in review at the Municipal Stadium.
- Oct 43 - First chance to go to OCS. Six members were chosen to go.
- 25 Dec 43 - Christmas party at the Town House and School No. 1. How those orphans from the convent enjoyed that Christmas dinner! They entertained us after dinner with singing and dancing in the Town House Day Room.
- Jan 44 - Another change in command. Capt. Rogers went to England and Lt. Langer became CO.
- 12 July 44 - Goodbye Noire Dame d'Afrique! We were leaving a world of adventure behind and looking forward to seeing sunny Italy.
- 14 July 44 - Wow, it's hot! Italy was sunny all right.
- August 44 - Will we ever get settled? Company property arrived from Algiers, double deckers replaced cots, and painting and redecorating progressed. The 15th Canadian Hospital began to look like a WAC billet.
- 8 August 44 - The Palace 1st Three Graders' Mess brings us down with food poisoning. Dottie Bentz carried out.
- August 44 - Lt. Rutledge assumed command upon Lt. Langer's departure for England.
- Sept 44 - And our old Executive Officer from Algerian days assumes command - Lt. Mulcahy.
- 26 Jan 45 - The great Waterless Week - or - That Damm Lister Bag's Empty Again!
- 1 Feb 45 - Life in the Battalion is worth living at last! Tennis courts, badminton courts, soft ball field, bicycles, and the Service Center appeared.
- April 45 - Italian Armistice and VE Day. The events were celebrated by holding services in the new Service Center Chapel and a victory parade at the Palace.
- May 45 - Look at the new faces in the Mess Hall! A dozen "Old Originals" were able to celebrate 30 months over by having dinner together; but redeployment was beginning to tell as we absorbed what was left of the 6667th WAC Hq. Co. (Ovhd).
- July 45 - V-J Day! unofficial but still "the war is over".
- 10 August 45 - V-J Day! unofficial but still "the war is over".

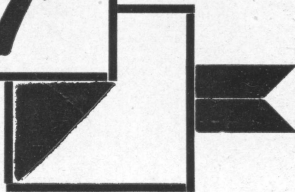
6667



COMBAT SOLDIER ?

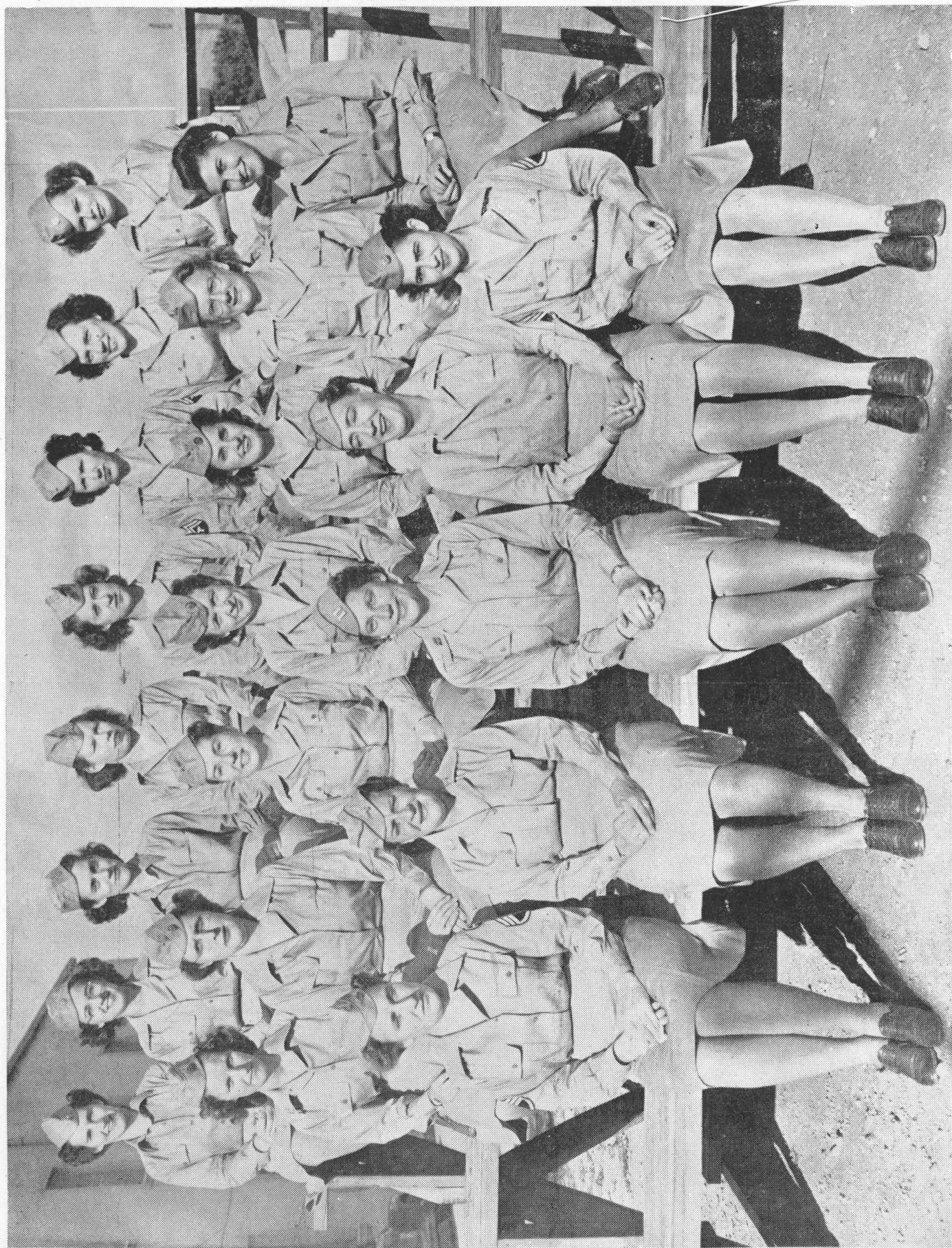


Hail To '67



No poet can tell the story of the glorious '67,
For bards can not conceive on earth such a Heaven,
And no one would believe the saga of Wacs as gay as we,
"There is nothing like that life in the W. A. C."
But we were glad and happy, sad and sappy, too,
From Algiers to Caserta, you never found us blue.
We knew we were the very best; hundreds told us so,
St. Eve's was a gathering place as all of us do know.
In the evening from the Casbah to the upper balcony,
You would hear the buzz of living, a gay melody,
The same was true in Italia, first in work and relaxation,
Kept it up right to the last---first in inactivation.

Let's drink a toast to what has been and laugh with memory,
For though you're not on paper, '67's in our heart history.



6667 WAC Hqs. Co.



Smitty



Supply Room



"Superior Mess"



Good drivers award

6667

Wac Hqs. Co

HAIL AND FAREWELL

The army's momentous paper work takes a lot of ribbing, but members of the 6667 WAC Hqs. Co. know how essential paper work is in modern warfare, for most of them are stenographers, clerks and typists in various offices of Allied Force Headquarters.

Company 6667 is one of the oldest in the WAC battalion, its members having served in North Africa before being moved to Italy last summer. Many of the 6667 women wear three and four golden overseas stripes.

Formerly known as the 160th WAAC Post Hqs. Co., the unit was activated in May, 1943, at Camp Polk, La., and after training at Ft. Devens, Mass., was sent overseas in August, 1943. In September, 1943, it was changed to the 6667 WAC Hqs. Co. and until July of 1944, the unit was stationed in Algiers at the now famous St. Elizabeth's Convent.

Capt. H. J. Ashby was the first commanding officer, and when she returned to the States in February, 1944, Capt. Louise M. Winslow took command. Many of the present CO's in the battalion were with 6667 at one time, and through the diligent work of its members, the company became well known.

While with 6667, T/5 Margaret H. Maloney, now in the States, received the Soldier's Medal for rescuing a soldier from a gas stove explosion.

In January, 1944, many 6667 women took part in "Swing Sister Wac Swing," the first soldier-Wac show to be produced overseas. The first Good Conduct ribbons were issued to 37 women in March and in April 69 additional women received ribbons, while at the same time Sgt. Gertrude Donovan, Cpl. Mildred Ayers, and Cpl. Nan Sue Porter were awarded drivers medals by Lt. Col. Westray Battle Boyce, then Theater WAC Staff Director, in a ceremony in the convent courtyard.

The company's first double wedding took place the same month when T/4 Renia E. Felix was married to Pfc. Joseph Maurice, and T/4 Marjorie Hodges became the bride of Sgt. Elmer Lanning. In May, T/4 Dorothy K. Davis exchanged vows with Sgt. Robert Goplerud, and Pfc. Elaine Menz was married to Michael Goss of the Navy.

Cpl. Cornelia Gardner was the first member of the company to go home on rotation. She almost had to carry another barracks bag to take all the messages the women wanted sent home.

In June, 1944, the 2629th Battalion was formed, and 6667 was assigned to it on June 18. Then on July 21, the Wacs left the convent where they had lived for 11 months and were shipped to Caserta, Italy, to work in the King's Palace.

It was a cold, heatless winter spent by the women in Caserta. Showers were outside the barracks, and many a night the shivering women marched through rain and lightning to yell at "joe" to give them hot water for a shower so they could get clean and warm at the same time.

In November, 1944, the unit was increased by the addition of members of the SOS company, which had been broken up when part of the SOS installation was sent to France.

Old and new members of the company celebrated the Christmas season in typical fashion, with Yule ornaments and Christmas trees combining to help the barracks take on a festive atmosphere. On Christmas Day many of the members sang carols at hospitals, replacement depots, and churches, while large groups of women visited American and Canadian hospitals to play Santa Claus to the sick and wounded.

The company's first wedding since moving to Italy occurred in December when T/4 Anita N. Cochran was married to First Lt. Archie Mallette.

A new addition to the company officers was made in January when Lt. Elsie C. Haaker was appointed mess and supply officer to work with Captain Winslow and Lt. Marguerite Mountcastle, executive officer. Then in the spring the company lost its first sergeant, Sgt. Lucille C. Smith, when she went home on T. D. and was there when the war ended. Staff Sgt. Virginia Caffrey became first sergeant.

Shortly before the European War ended, the company moved to enlarged quarters in the battalion area which formerly was the site of the Canadian hospital. The company now had a complete building to itself. In a sharp contrast to the large squad rooms of their former quarters "across the way," the women now were billeted four to a room and were permitted to decorate their rooms according to their own tastes.

Hot showers in the building, a roof for sun bathing, a dayroom upstairs, increased laundry space, and a larger kitchen were some of the attractions of 6667's new quarters. When open house was held, high AFHQ officers, from Gen. Joseph T. McNarney on down, inspected the billet and marveled at the way the 6667-ers decorated their rooms in a homelike atmosphere with the little equipment available overseas.

V-I Day and V-E Day were the two most important days in the women's army careers, for it meant the culmination of all that they had worked toward and prayed for since joining the Women's Army Corps. The Palace courtyard became a miniature Times Square when reams of tape, streamers, and cut-up newspaper, were hurled out of windows as the women joined their fellow soldiers in the long-awaited celebration of V-E Day.

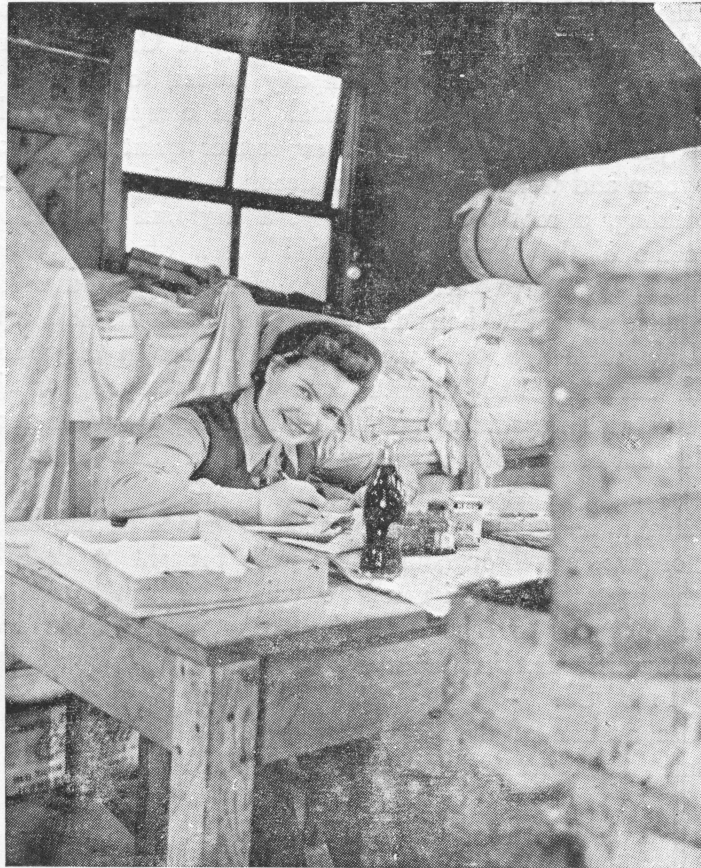
The end of the war meant the start of redeployment of troops in the Mediterranean Theater and it wasn't long before scores of women throughout Italy were brought to 6667's "hotel section" to be processed and returned to the States for reassignment or discharge. So many Wacs were being returned to the States that it became necessary to turn the entire company into a replacement depot. On July 1, 6667 WAC Hqs. became the first unit in the 2629 Battalion to be inactivated and its personnel was transferred to 6666 WAC Hqs. Co.

To 6667 personnel, deactivation of their company was like losing an old friend but it was not an unhappy occasion. The women had accomplished what they came overseas for; now they were ready to return "home".

PEE WEE MALONEY

"Pee Wee" isn't going to like this. Can't you all hear her raving and being mad at photographers and correspondents, and peeking out of the hair that always somehow got in her eyes and saying, "Gosh, why can't they skip it? You all know that any Wac would have done just what I did. The story is exaggerated-----Mario, get on that pile of rations."

And that's why the picture is here. Not because of the medal that she won but because Pee Wee is, was, and always will be---a MTOUSA Wac. She's in the book because no book about Wacs in



North Africa or Italy would be complete without Pee Wee---and we mean the Pee Wee that laughed and always made a party a "swell affair"--the Pee Wee who was always the first one to go up in the mess hall and greet the "fresh from the States" Wacs and make them feel as if they really belonged to the family--the Pee Wee who would go and through mysterious channels, get you anything from a piece of plywood to a package of Easter egg dye.

Yes, that's why Pee Wee is here---right where she belongs in the ration breakdown hut. And you'll note that she has a bottle of coke---and this was taken before the days of liberal rations. It was a pretty hot day last summer and you remember how hot those huts got. Pee Wee had the photographer drink the coke, lying convincingly, "I got plenty of cokes---right down in the electric icebox in my company."

Yes, Pee Wee belongs here and in our "A" bag of memories.

GIFT TO AFHQ



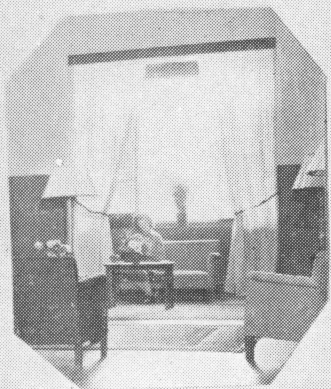
INTRODUCING 6667



6667



AT WORK



AT
PLAY



Arrival ➡



Tough Life ?



A '67er on the Job



A '67er Plays the Lead

6667

WAC HQS. CO.

PAST AND PRESENT

Commanding Officer	- Louise M. Winslow, Ladoga, Ind.
Executive Officer	- Marguerite Mountcastle, 11 Ft. Sanders Manor, Knoxville, Tenn.
Supply Officer	- Elsie C. Haaker, 10 Idaho St., Passaic, N. J.
First Sergeant	- Virginia V. Caffrey, 338 Strafford Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Supply Sergeant	- Gertrude Donovan, Conroe, Texas.
Company Clerk	- June Dyson, 30 Montcalm Dr., Rochester, N. Y.
Duty Non-Com	- Anna K. Benson, 2926 N. E. 20th Ave., Portland, Ore.
Mess Sergeant	- Dorothy M. Hoeft, Crookston, Minn.
Cooks	- Luzella D. Borden, 2728 N. W. 27th Ave., Miami, Florida
	Juanita Brown, 484 W. Walnut, Danville, Ky.
	Emma D. Corn, 300 N. Hull St., Siloam Springs, Ark.
	Ida F. Zern, Grater Ford, Pa.

COMPANY MEMBERS

Hermina Alvarez, 4114 Durazno St., El Paso, Texas.
Ruth M. Baker, 2440 16th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Ellen L. Bakke, Lisbon, N. D.
Sara E. Barlett, 1800 Massachusetts, N. W., Washington, D. C.
Mable J. Baroli, 277 89th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Margaret E. Beam, 17 Midland Ave., East Orange, N. J.
Viola E. Belasco, Coral Gables, Florida.
Esther L. Bengtson, 610 E. Elm St., Streator, Ill.
Lilly Bienvenu, University, Louisiana.
Inez A. Boyd, 1095 W. 6th St., Los Angeles, Calif.
June I. Brander, Avon, Mont.
Rosella M. Burns, 1063 Kenton St., Springfield, Ohio.
Simone J. Campanardi, 670 State St., North Adams, Mass.
Minnie L. Campbell, 1381 S. 4th St., Louisville, Ky.
Marguerite Carnal, 305 Augusta Ave., DeKalb, Ill.
Vickie Chase, Balboa Park Nursey, San Diego, Calif.
Margaret Chudzinski, 1103 Napoleon St., Fremont, Ohio.
Hazel Clayton, 308 East St., Athens, Ala.

Della A. Cole, Lakin, Kansas.
 Abi Consolino, Frontenac, Kansas.
 Dorothy L. Crooks, 550 Stockton St., San Francisco, Calif.
 Agnes O. Cross, 83 Milford Ave., Newark, N. J.
 Eva C. Dagenais, 245 South St., Stamford, Conn.
 Frances V. Dearborn, 4100 Otterbein Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
 Virginia Dixon, 295 N. 5th S., W., Provo, Utah.
 Olga Dornblatt, 941 E. Sylvan Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Josephine Falci, 143 Rodney Court, Madison, Wis.
 Virgelyn S. Fial, Gladwin, Mich.
 Ludmila Figura, 414 Elrino St., Baltimore, Md.
 Lenore E. Fisher, 356 Woodmere Ave., S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Ona I. Freeman, 408 Greenfield Rd., Kansas City, Mo.
 Rachel Giese, 1817 S. Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Stella C. Goldikas, 12204 S. Union Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Dorothy K. Goplerud, 14061 Marlowe Ave., Detroit, Mich.
 Eleanor A. Gorman, 964 Branch Ave., Providence, R. I.
 Mary J. Greene, Stewartsville, Ind.
 Elizabeth M. Grossglauser, 706 W. 5th St., Huntington, W. Va.
 Thelma L. Hanson, 1406 16th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
 Donna M. Harford, Old York Rd., Holicong, Pa.
 Ruth P. Hartleben, 29 Rodenbeck Pl., Rochester, N. Y.
 Marion M. Hartman, 420 Race Ave., Lancaster, Pa.
 Edna L. Heinecke, Estes Park, Colo.
 Mary K. Hook, Brighton, Colo.
 Anne Hyson, 115 W. 73rd St., New York City, N. Y.
 Ruthmary Woodrow Ivens, Bloomfield, Ind.
 Josephine E. Johnson, Box 132, Graford, Texas.
 Rachel Johnson, Pittsboro Rd., Chapel Hill, N. C.
 Staphanie Kalinowski, 143 Vernon St., Worcester, Mass.
 Dorothy C. Kintzele, 714 Pine, Michigan City, Ind.
 Alberta R. Knuth, 5603 Franklin Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
 Constance L. Korach, 2809 S. 12th St., Springfield, Ill.
 Monda M. Kreiling, Rte. 1, Springfield, Pa.
 Fanny Krickel, 1001 Pecan St., Helena, Ark.
 Mary E. Krieger, 421 Douglas, Edwardsville, Ill.
 Marie I. Lagarde, Luling, La.
 Charlotte S. Landry, 329 5th Ave., North Twin Falls, Idaho.
 Rosaline Levenson, 1317 W. 82nd St., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Gertrude Levin, 4000 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
 Elizabeth M. Lewis, Rte. 1, Lakeview, Mich.
 Alberta Loney, Rte. 3, Rockport, Ind.
 Anna L. Lindstrom, 432 E. Nelson St., Cadillac, Mich.
 Florence Loudermilk, 432 Medico Arts Blvd., Charleston, W. Va.
 Jean MacArthur, Chicago City, Minn.
 Anita Cochran Malletta, 908 Glen Way, S. W., S. Charleston, W. Va.
 Ethel L. Manason, 2628 Fullerton, Detroit, Mich.
 Dorothy Smith Merritt, 529 Hanford St., Columbus, Ohio.
 Jeanne Batmate Morator, 21 Idora Ave., San Francisco, Calif.
 Bonnie M. Moore, 1163 Regent St., S. W., Atlanta, Ga.

Mildred F. Morris, 10 Sheridan Square, New York City, N. Y.
 Lillian A. Morrison, Washougal, Washington.
 Eleanor L. Muenster, 2810 Cass St., La Crosse, Wis.
 Margaret E. Needham, 806 Third Ave., W., Ashland, Wis.
 Evelyn C. Nelson, W. Main St., West Chester, Conn.
 Cora Mae Nichols, Vardman, Miss.
 Mary Frances Noonan, 1224 Bellevue Ave., St., Louis, Mo.
 Clara V. Nuber, 90 S. Brinker Ave., Columbus. Ohio.
 Olga A. Olson, Westbrook, Minn.
 Mary Jane Painter, 1830 Perkiomen Ave., Reading, Pa.
 Lillian R. Pavilick, 1240 S. 37th St., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Dorothy I. Peebles, Amsterdam, Ohio.
 Mary C. Petrone, Springfield, Ave., Berkeley Heights, N. J.
 Grace L. Pinkerton, 302 $\frac{1}{4}$ W. 4th St., Waterloo, Iowa.
 Margaret E. Pinsch, Bremerton, Wash.
 Saline V. Poage, Austin, Ark.
 Marilyn Prehm, Lake Zurich, Ill.
 Myrtle Quinn, 210 W. 21st St., New York City, N. Y.
 Doris C. Robinson, 914 E. Commerce, Altus, Okla.
 Dorothy M. Rodd, 107 Arlington St., Hyde Park, Mass.
 Claire T. Romaine. 30-58 37th St., Long Island City, N. Y.
 Anita B. Schoover, 40 Russel St., Hartford, Conn.
 Inez G. Scott. 1117 W. 10th St., Albany, Ore.
 Doris Callahan Senseney, 2709 Lynn Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
 Dorothy S. Small, 1453 E. 54th Pl., Chicago, Ill.
 Lucille C. Smith, 2226 N. Holton St., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Emmie A. Speering, 617 P. St., West Palm Beach, Fla.
 Jean G. Stamp, Currier Hall, Iowa City, Iowa.
 Helena Stark, 760 S. Monroe St., Xenia, Ohio.
 Ruby E. Stroup, Cherryville, N. C.
 Hulda M. Swanson, 9027 Kingston Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Mary I. Taylor, 610 Hodges St., Lake Charles, La.
 Helen E. Thomas, 214 S. Main St., Scranton, Pa.
 Nancy Booth Thomas, 5 Merry Mount Rd., Baltimore, Md.
 Elizabeth E. Thompson, 214 S. 39th St., Louisville, Ky.
 Carolyn M. Thorp, 1901 Jackson St., San Francisco, Calif.
 Bessie C. Townsend, New Haven, Conn.
 Hilda I. Trythall, Ahwahnee, Calif.
 Hollene W. Turner, Rte. 1, New Hope, Ala.
 Micheline Van Biesbroeck, Williams Bay, Wis.
 Ann M. Van Lier, 20 Park Ave., White Plains, N. Y.
 Adelaide A. Vetoskie, Connelly, N. Y.
 Helen J. Weinreis, 2308 N. Sherman Blvd., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Margaret A. Westlake, 4345 W. 49th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
 Edna C. Westrich, 723 Midville Ave., Hamilton, Ohio.
 Barbara A. Williamson, 1303 Cedar, Port Huron, Mich.
 Doris K. Wilmott, 9255 175th St., Jamaica, N. Y.
 Jessie M. Wirtz, 317 Newport Ave., Bend, Oregon.



SATURDAY MORNING INSPECTION —

IN THE GRIM, GRAY LIGHT OF DAWN !

2664



From the

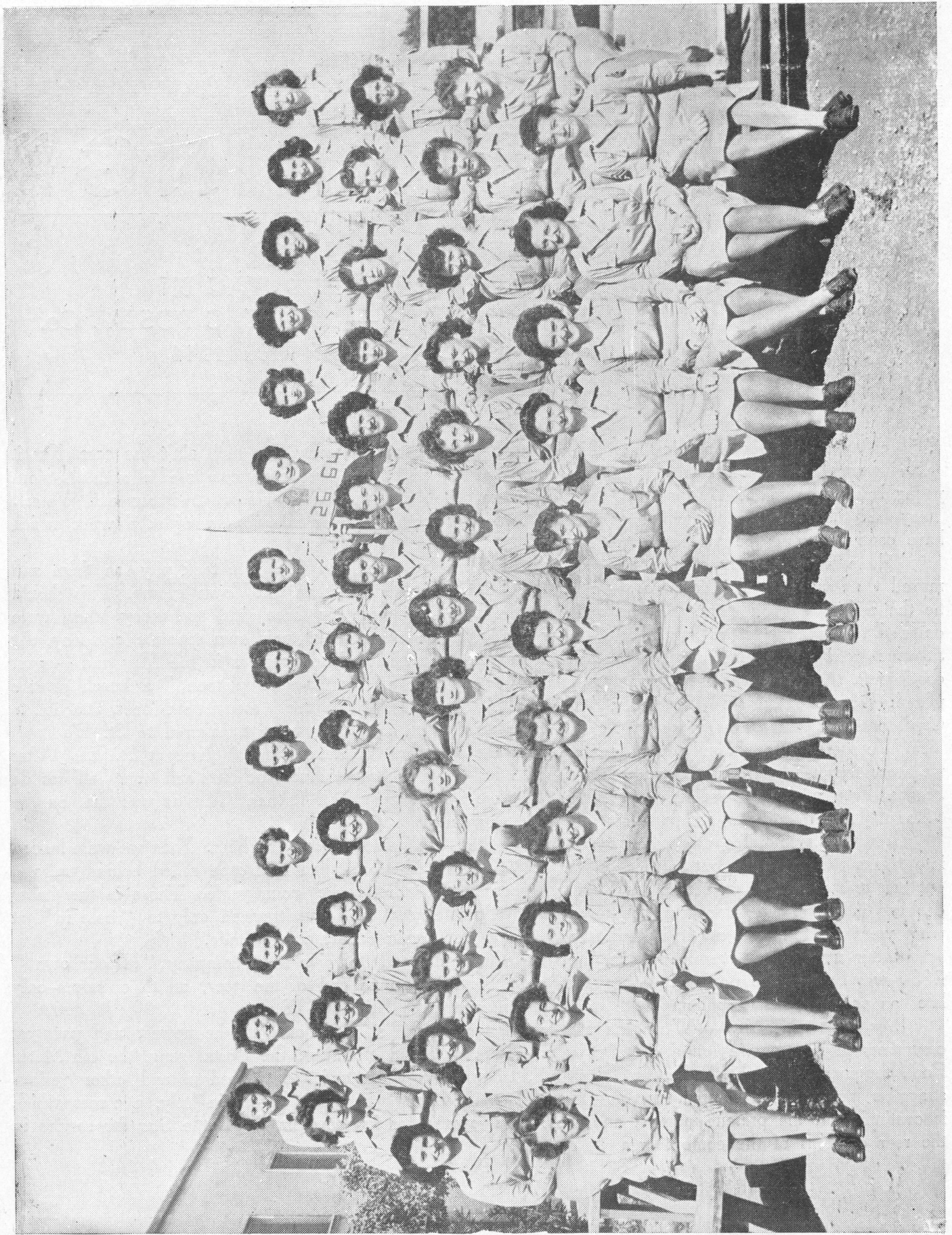
“Locator Files”

We are poets, too

“OPEN RANKS INSPECTION”

I wish to cast no reflections
On the open ranks inspections.
In civil life it takes money
To see a sight just as funny.
Four officers stand in a row,
All dressed up with no place to go.
Off they step in chain gang fashion,
A high paid combat team in action.
Before the lines, both up and down,
Each one sporting a little frown.
A look of remorse clouds one's eyes,
All this is caused by wrinkled ties.
Gloom sweeps across another's face,
A shoulder patch is out of place.
Horror, amazement, grief and shock,
These and many more are in stock.
Exhausting them, they march away,
Like the dogs, they've had their day.
Comments begin just when they leave,
“Did you notice the third one's sleeve?”
“Old Smith's blouse resembled a tent
That should have been put up for rent.”
“I hear Johnson drinks too much booze,
She can't waste time shining her shoes.”
They go thru all that bother and fuss
And think that they're inspecting us!

Dorothy Wanluss



"AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING"

FATHER	— AFHQ
MOTHER	— 2629 WAC BN
NAME	— 2664 WAC POSTAL Co.
DATE	— 25 JULY 1944

Don't let the above fool you into thinking that postal is a new baby, for such ain't the case. For it worked many months in its "pre-natal" stage in Algiers with a hardy crew composed of such illustrious young ladies as Amato, Belilove, Bodine, Gonzales, Hobbs, Lambert, Ramires, Swiatosz and Torres. They laid the foundation which later-comers "out their teeth on" for many hours of solid work which have continued until the present moment.

These nine gals stuck it out in good old El Biar for some time until fate took pity on them and moved them into the classier atmosphere of first, St. Elizabeth's and then the Town House. This should be the end of a good story, but alas it is but the bare beginning, for these girls, and many others were destined to make numerous moves before they finally came to roost in their own separate company. At St. Elizabeths they joined forces with their co-workers who had arrived overseas in the May and August contingents. At this point the group was joined by the now famous "bastard platoon," a bunch of kids who had come overseas in November, '43. This platoon had lived in the Museum, had been attached to Capt. Stretch's Air Corps company also in the Museum and had finally been transferred to St. E's.

We were quite a family happily situated in the so-called "Country Club" there at St. E's. After we were thoroughly acquainted with Algiers with its Cashah, Arabs, Rue Michelet and the Gallieres de France, Fate again stepped in and decided that we should travel still further. Thus it was that on the 12th of July, 1944, our company set sail for sunny Italy.

It was a memorable day when we landed in the world famous Naples harbour. Then we were loaded into trucks which started out for "God knows where". Miles of Italian landscape rolled behind us, and out first real view was that of a huge building dominating the entire countryside. Those in the know declared in to be the famous palace of Caserta. Up a bumpy road we traveled only to "hole in" at what we were told was an Italian military barracks. So, began our career in Italia.

After numerous "overnight moves" it was finally decided to give us a company "all our own." 2664 was born! The powers-to-be gave us a building, up at the end of the row, all to ourselves--only later on we shared said building with our sisters in arms, the British ATS.

My what generosity!--When the final count was taken of this, one of the newest and youngest companies in theatre, we found ourselves a composite of varied elements: the Postal gang, the Bn Motor Pool, the medical workers, the Bn Hqs gals, an array of cooks assigned to feed us and other various stragglers including the company cadre. The "newborn babe" began its career in Italy, a career which is continuing at the present moment and which has earned for its members the Battle Star for service in the rear echelons of the combat area.

Since it's customary for a child to have a mother, in our case the ill-starred job fell upon the shoulders of one, Capt. Margaret Maxwell. For an assistant the job was given to Lt. Olive Mills. School One, a remnant of 6666, furnished us with our First Sgt., Noreen McKusker. Her assistant was Hilda Churchill. Milly Drawbaugh, happily escaping from the "death grip" of Postal "kindly" consented to become our Supply Sgt., you know, the one you see when you think of anything you want (and don't get). Since an army must travel on its stomach, we fell heir to what happened to be the best cooks in the Bn—have you ever tasted the wonderful way in which they prepare our C Rations? The proof of the pudding 'is in the eatin'.

SWEAT AND TOIL

The morning after our arrival in Italy, to be exact the 15th of July, we were informed, a group of us, that we were to report for work at a place called Bagnoli. Accordingly we set out the next day, and for the next two weeks we were to lend our efforts (feeble but necessary) to 2nd Base Post Office. We "sweated out" the seven AM run in the morning only to become acquainted with every bump and turn in the road through Naples to Bagnoli for a period of two weeks. On the 31st of July we established ourselves firmly but deeply in the Royal Stables at Santa Maria—Hobby's Horses

Meanwhile the Motor Pool was having difficulties of its own. Not only was it necessary for each driver to acquaint herself with the famous "non-named" Italian streets, but it was a prerogative that the driver familiarize herself with the prevalent tendency of the native to "jump out" into the middle of the road be it seven in the morning or eleven at night.

While postal and motor pool girls were hard at work the Bn girls and the medics were also "in the groove". Everything from "doctoring up" service records to taking care of GI's, etc., was quite necessary.

All work and no play makes a WAC a dull soldier—along with three or four most successful company parties we spent most of our "time off" in sight-seeing—Rome, Capri and surrounding territory. We've had it!

Along with many things so familiar to Army life we have had our share of formal occasions. How well all of us remember participating in formal parades such as the time Maloney was awarded the Soldier's Medal, the celebrations of our third anniversary in the WAC and VE day. Retreat, too, has a special meaning for each of us. Though many of us have by now returned to the US those of us remaining are still carrying on the job of "getting the mail to the men in the foxholes" of the Pacific theatre.



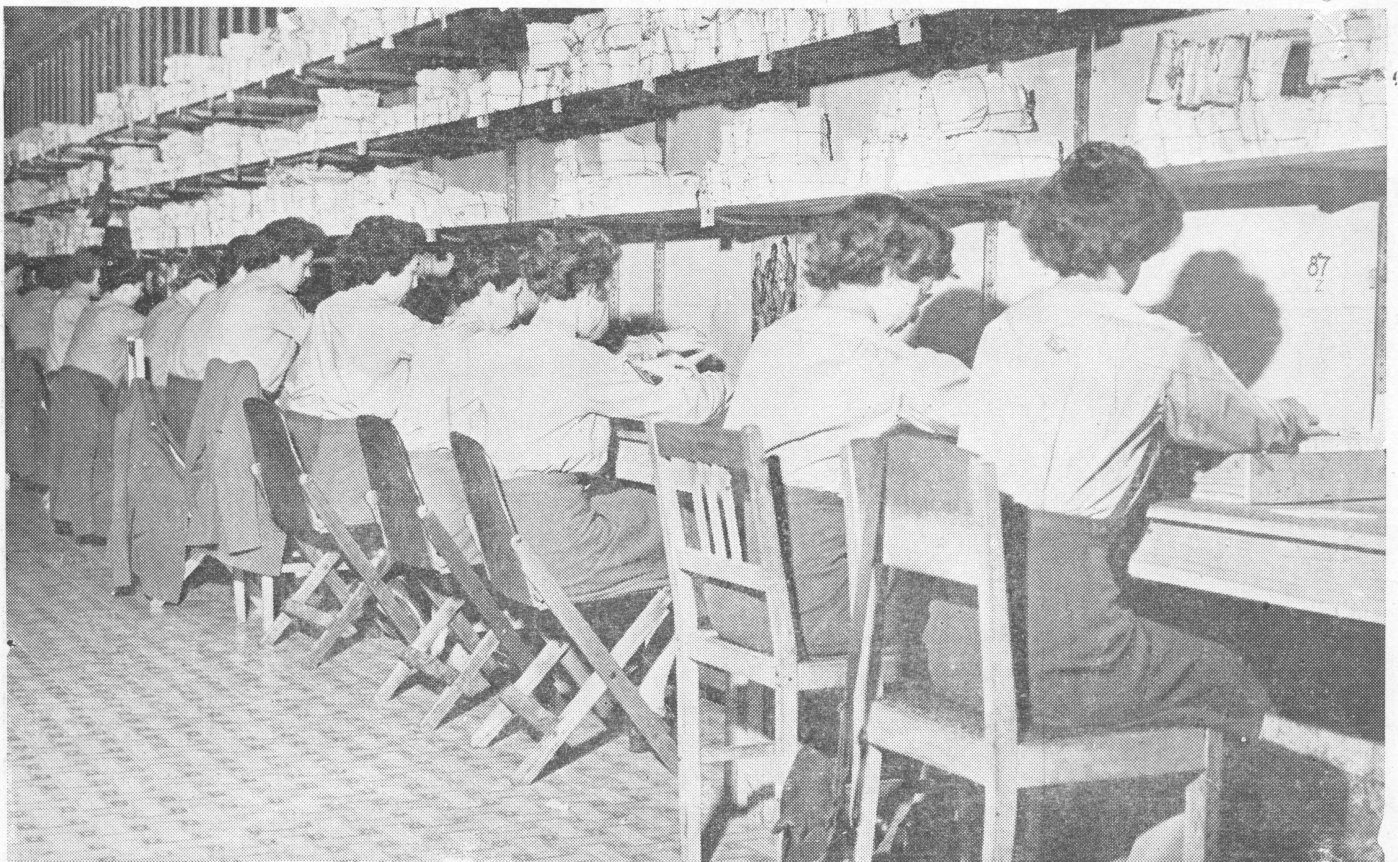
Disorderly Room



Start of a day



Food for thought



Let's Get the Mail to the Boys in the Fox Holes



Near the end of the day



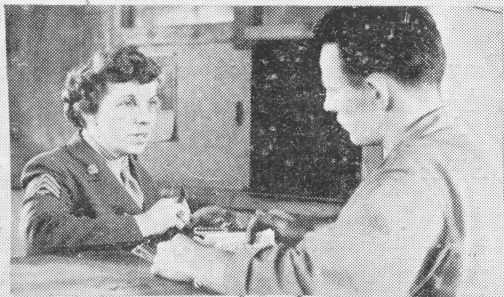
Let's talk in over



MOM

PFC. NAN
2664 WAC
APO 512
NEW YORK, IVc

FORSE POSTAL CO.



Postscripts



We'll never forget the good old days of...

Sidewalk cafes in Algiers, where one could obtain banana brandy, vino French Vermouth, and that never-to-be forgotten Eau de Vie.

Rue Michelet after dark.

Easter breakfast at St. Eve's, and "parties" in the garden at St. Eve's, with such lively participants as Kostoryz, Dorrell, Pascoe, Miller, Shelton, Sully, Chestnut, Herby, Mississippi, Etheridge, etc. Transactions for that necessary "Esperitus Fermenti" were accomplished by the passage of "beaucoup" francs through the iron gate at the bottom of the steps.

A noonday ride on one of those famous but crowded Arab streetcars.

Trying to find a tiny vacant spot on Franco Beach.

Those first hot dusty days in Italy without benefits of showers.

Long, cold, winter days in Italy without heat.

That delicious, cold "Court Martial" water in Santa Maria.



Presuming you are familiar with that weekly institution, "Prayer Meeting," you've never lived until you've participated in one of 2664's famous gatherings known by this cognomen. Such gatherings are usually held in the sacred precincts of "Our Latrine," and the presiding Elder is Sister Gansworth, ably assisted by Chapman, Krzywicki, Kotlar, Geer, and, on occasion, Sister Courtney. Naturally, any momentous occasion calls for a prayer meeting.

Many were the lively games of ping pong held early in the evening with such players as Reuscher, Wanlass, Morse, etc., and many were the midnight "specials" put on by Ashby, Manilla, and others.

Time never was when Higgins, Jongert, Meson, Gardner, Williams, Smeardon, King, the General, and Speedy Schwiendt were first.



It happened at Camp Kilmer POE when we were all set to come overseas. The whistle blew us out at midnight and, loaded from top to bottom with everything but the proverbial kitchen stove, we were ready to start that mile's trek to the train and then away on the troop ship. Groggy from the lack of shut eye, we all stumbled out of the barracks, only to discover that Rebel Shelton had two left shoes on; her two right mates were already aboard ship in her barracks bag which was sent ahead earlier that afternoon. Facing a mile walk in two left shoes, poor Rebel was frantic—to the hilarious glee of everyone.

In typical army fashion, we were sent back into the barracks for one last policing of the area, and after Rebel stumbled around some thirty minutes with both feet going in the same direction, a Good Samaritan Wac finally woke up and remembered she had a pair of Loafers in her musette bag.

Otherwise Rebel might not have been here to take all the ribbing!



If the shoe fits....

Drawbaugh and Knight where the hole in the wall was at St. Eve's... Our nomination for 2664's "Ella Cinders of the Kitchen"—Peggy (Pigtails) Fisher.... Lamber—our own Southern Belle but many a GI's enigma.... Wanlass and Ruescher—the "Gruesome Twosome"... Caltrider and Thurmond—the "Combat Wacs"... Nancy Morse—cigarettes plus coffee.... Torres, Emond and Funderok—2664's Chow Hounds.... Any Wac desiring information on AWOL trips to "Roam" contact Stein and Miller.... Churchill is a "Lucky" Girl... Midnight interlude—Tommy Collins kicking the "gong" around.... Sugar's complaint—"Being mistaken for the Bride but never THE bride".... And how can we ever forget those Song Birds: Gillis, Reuscher, Hardin, Bishop, and Fruchey.



It was combat shoes that once proved to be Varley's undoing.

One night she found herself completely undressed except for a pair of combat shoes, and she sobbed, "I'll never be able to go to bed unless someone helps me unlace these damned shoes." Thank goodness Betty Lambert came to the rescue!



FAMOUS LAST WORDS.... "Good morning, folks, isn't life wonderful?"—Millie Hardin. "Hold it down to a dull roar, Girls,"—Bodine. "Nobody Loves me"—Marsh. "Mind your own business"—Belilove. "Dogs are all right—outside!"—Mary Jane Thorpe. "I love that Boy"—Frances Pate. "For the dogs"—Jost, Ricky, Hunt, Tuschak, Haynes, and Dundas.



Last but not least among our "remember when" memories was the time when Mills sent Milly to AC and S-4 to fetch the Guidon. Milly naturally had visions of the company banner and reappeared several hours later after an unsuccessful search for the company banner only to find the Guidon on the desk—this time the battalion newspaper.



And of course along with our memories of the gay nights, the merry days, the sad hours, the shadows of Rue Michelet, the tree lined road that leads to Freedom there are three special days that we'll Pauline Revere our children about. Those days were V-I Day in Italy, when the news that "Our War" was over. We stood in the shadow of the Palace to hear words of Thanksgiving and words of praise for every soldier; then in rapid fire sequence, V-E Day. Again "Our War" was over. But finally the glad shock of "Japan Offers to Surrender" that came to us on August 10. Now the waiting period. Was it true? Would there be a slip up somewhere? Then the anti-climax news that it was really over. Now indeed, "Our War" was over.

Remember the sweating out period. Points, redeployment, shipping space, you will go, you won't go, quota increased, quota reduced, rumors flying, consolidation of companies, replacements ready, no replacements, the sun at noontime, the stars at night.... that's what is appropriately called "Sweating it out."

Right now the hemp is rotting in the fields near Caserta while Wacs are sweating in Caserta.

MOTOR POOL ROSTER

Motor Officer	- Bernice L. Pulver, 1640 52nd Ave., Oakland, Calif.
Motor Sergeant	- Janet D. Speirs, Old Lyme, Conn. Jacqueline Vulte, 1491 W. 26th Ave., Vancouver, B. C., Canada.
Dispatcher	- Kathryn D. Tuschak, 2110 Victoria Ave., Arnold, Pa.
Drivers	- Gladys O. Brown, Rte. 2, Talladega, Ala. Marguerite Burney, 925 W. Main St., Salem, Ill. Gwen I. Collins, 1354 University Ave., San Jose, Calif. Jeannette Faber, Ortonville, Minn. Juanita B. Ferrell, 218 Main St., Coshocton, Ohio. Phyllis M. Fogle, 2124 W. North Ave., Baltimore, Md. Patrick Haynes, 503 E. Ft. Wayne St., Warsaw, Ind. Gwinnette Herbert, 118 Jefferson St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Nora Shirley Houser, Rte. 5, North Chattanooga, Tenn. Mary H. Holzgen, Box 81 Rte. # 1, Martin, Ohio. Elizabeth B. Jost, 1603 Torrence St., San Diego, Calif. Louise L. Marts, Box 115, Rte. 3, Blairsville, Pa. Katharine Strong, 5820 Fitch, Chicago, Ill. Mildred Reeks, 5932 S. Green St., Chicago, Ill. Hazel M. Varley, 660 Forest St., Orange, N. J. Louise Z Wagner, 5812 Belmont Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. Jean Witsil, 236 S. Huxley Dr., Buffalo, N. Y. Loree H. Wolfe, 910 Bates St., Logansport, Ind.

" WE DID IT "

In July, 1944, with the movement of Wacs to Italy and the organization of a WAC Battalion, an actuality instead of a paper prophecy, the need for a systematic method of transportation became apparent.

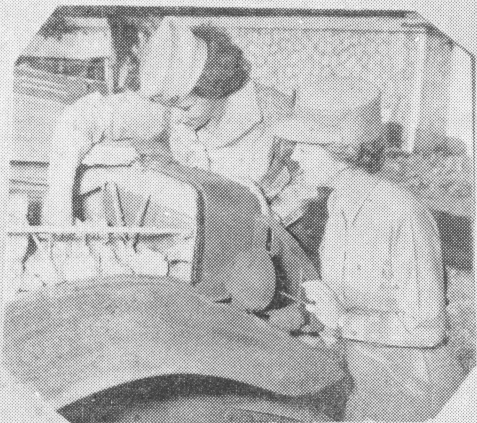
Vehicles of the various units that now formed the battalion were assigned to the battalion and the T/E allowed additional equipment. A barren, dusty acre that seemed useless for anything else was designated the Motor Pool area.

In nothing flat, bull-dozers, scrapers and bricklayers were at work. The result was a perfect MP area, lots of parking space, a dispatch building that became not only our working office but our off duty dayroom. With the selection of Capt. Bernice L. Pulver as Motor officer, the Motor Pool swung into action.

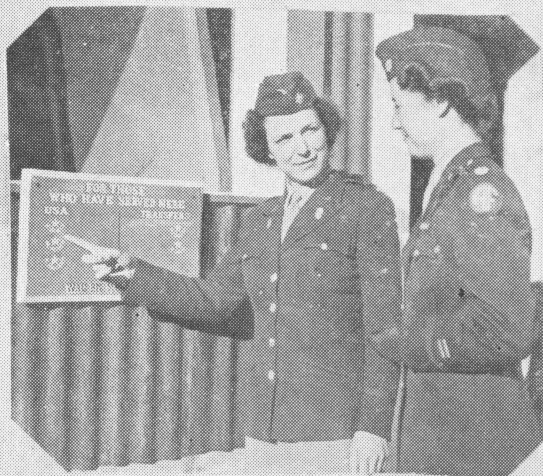
A year later we find that the WAC-staffed Motor Pool, the first to be formed in an overseas theater, has been a phenomenal success. An average of 25 vehicles, including jeeps, weapon carriers, C and R's, and 6 X 4, has been our responsibility. Twenty-three Wacs have formed the MP personnel. The majority had been trained in the Motor Transport School at Des Moines but some were trained by our own motor officer and sergeant.

Our speedometers show that these vehicles have covered 260,000 miles in that period—and you know the kind of roads we cover. During that time there have been five accidents, none of which involved more than \$ 20 damage and with no injury to personnel.

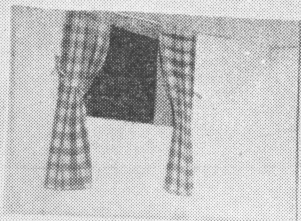
That's the story for the records. There's a lot more to the story. The fun we have had ; the singing, laughing, joke playing Motor Pool gang have added a lot to the fun of living and the satisfaction of giving service, not with smiles but with wide grins and hearty laughs.



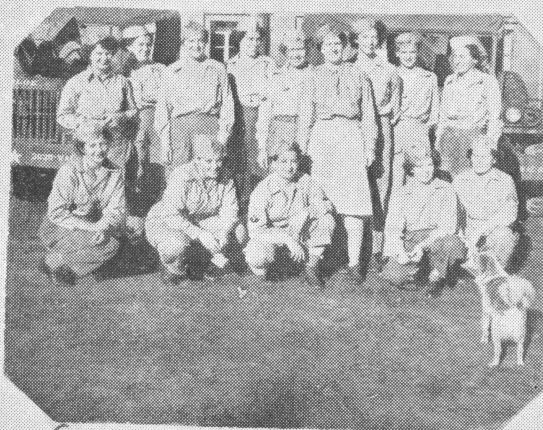
CPL. + COL.



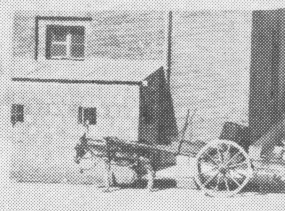
PAIR OF MAJORS



SEW!



GANG OF MINORS



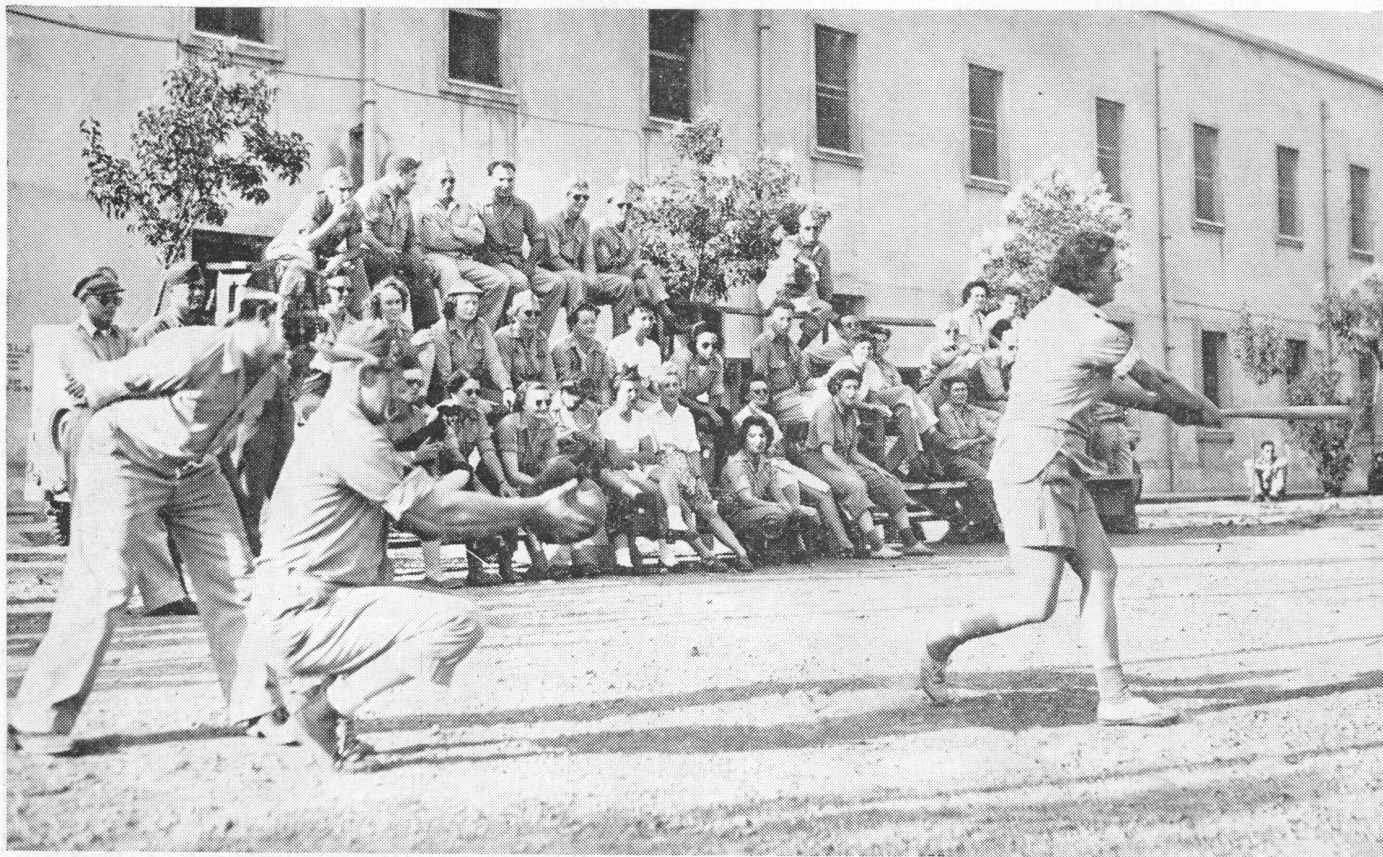
SO!



HAPPY BIRTHDAY MA'AM



First Overseas Motor Pool



Herbie pitches and hits us to championship of Italy



We get a coat of tan



"Here comes the Major"



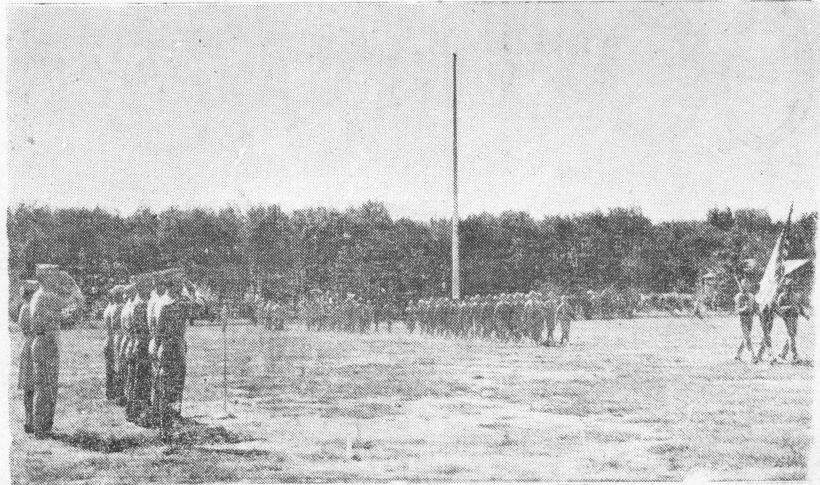
Battalion champs — We can't help it; we're just good

SERVICE

for

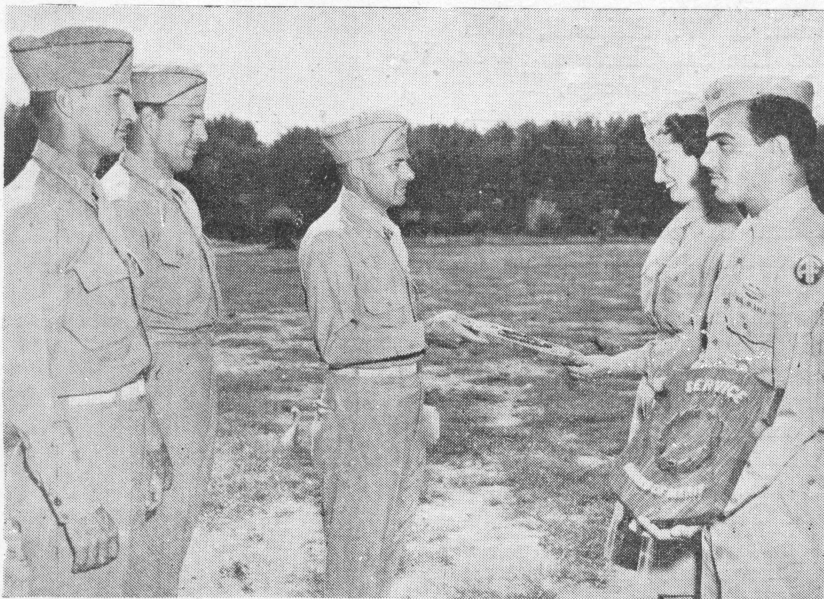
superior performance of duty in the accomplishments of exceptionally difficult tasks
maintaining a high degree of proficiency
service rendered which gained the lasting gratitude of the combat troops —

AWARD OF MERIT



"On this date (July 16, 1945)

I wish to extend congratulations from the AG Postal Division on a well earned recognition for the outstanding esprit de corps and efficiency of your unit in the sustaining and whole hearted support of the Theater Central Postal Directory service".



"I personally desire also to extend my sincere thanks and appreciation to all members of the unit and wish for all happiness, good health, and early return to their families".

COLONEL ARTHUR LA GACE
Chief Postal Officer

2664 WAC POSTAL CO.

HEADQUARTERS PLATOON

Commanding Officer : Margaret A. Maxwell, 46th & Millersville Rd., Indianapolis, Ind.
Executive Officer : Olive E. Mills, 375 15th Ave., Bethlehem, Pa.
First Sergeant : Noreen A. Miller, Marengo, Iowa.
Company Clerk : Hilda L. Churchill, Cerro Gordo, Ill.
Supply Sergeant : Mildred Drawbaugh, 566 West Princess St., York, Pa.
Mess Sergeant : Susan Gunza, 220 E. 16th Ave., Homestead, Pa.
Cooks : Alice M. Fisher, 462 Chestnut St., St. Marys, Pa.
Mildred L. Short, Sanatorium, Texas.
Faye Snodgrass, Prague, Okla.

COMPANY ROSTER

Dorothy M. Amato, 3233 Vallejo St., Denver, Colo.
Velva C. Anderson, Stricklett, Ky.
Charlotte H. Ashby, 8816 S. E. Morrison, Portland, Oregon.
Hazel M. Belilove, 214 Oakland Ave., Providence, Rhode Island.
Lucille M. Bishop, Box 242, Rte. 2, Richmond, Ind.
Ruth E. Bodine, 2440 Albion Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Hazel Browne, Belington, West Virginia.
Lucille G. Brundage, 37 Maple St., Lyons, N. Y.
Mary V. Chapman, 965 Mathews St., Atlanta, Ga.
Virginia Chestnut, 329 Princi, S. W., Plainwell, Mich.
Marjorie H. Courtney, 1595 Lee St., Charleston, West. Va.
Genevieve Curley, 4156 Oriole Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Lillian M. Darcy, 222 Bishop St., New Haven, Conn.
Georgia A. DeCosta, 1028 E. 36th St., Long Beach, Calif.
Virginia W. Dorrell, 51 Bridge St., Lambertville, N. J.
Marceline M. Emond, Box 63, Rte. # 1, Lena, Wis.
Alice M. Fisher, 462 Chestnut St., St. Marys, Pa.
Catherine E. Forsyth, 25 Channing St., Newton, Mass.
Hazel I. Fruchey, 135 W. 130th St., Hawthorne, Calif.
Mary Funderok, Rte. # 1, Harrisburg, Ill.
Richenda Gansworth, 2318 Carey Ave., Davenport, Iowa.
Catherine G. Gardner, 533 Bennington St., E. Boston, Mass.
Evelyn R. Geer, 3414 Mayo St., Toledo, Ohio.
Marie L. Gevaert, 2212 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Ann M. Gillis, 94 S. Market St. E. Palestine, Ohio.
Corinne L. Gonzales, 2108 Cabinet Pl., San Pedro., Calif.
Mildred V. Hardin, 500 S. Green St., Morganton, N. C.
Catherine F. Higgins, 232 Pine St., S. Portland, Maine.
Louise B. Hoobs, Box 94, Snoqualomie Falls, Washington.
Martha H. Hoeckle, Garryowen, Montana.
Hazel A. Horan, 120 E. 70th St., Chicago, Ill.
Anne Hymovitz, 3104 G. St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Ruth Hurlbert, 23 North St., Portland, Maine.
Bella Jacobs, 1432 S. Hamlin Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Betty C. Jenks, Box 323, Saint Paris, Ohio.
Wilhelmina Jongert, 947 Bloomfield St., Hoboken, N. J.
Margaret A. Kane, 1801 3rd Ave., So. Minneapolis, Minn.

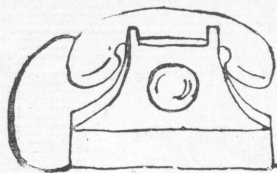
Mary A. Kerecz, 522 Hess St., Bethlehem, Pa.
 Margaret E. Kiemle, 1721 Davison Rd., Flint, Mich.
 Alice C. Knight, Rte. # 1, Jasper, Alabama.
 Mary V. Kondon, 19321 Concord St., Detroit, Mich.
 Lillian Kostoryz, Box 1055, Rte. 4, Houston, Texas.
 Helen B. Kotlar, 1700 Mordough St., North Craddock, Pa.
 Mary E. Kovy, Rte. # 1, Box 831, Niles, Ohio.
 Emma Kruzich, Mattawan, Mich.
 Cecilia A. Krzywicki, 215 Penn St., Braddock, Pa.
 Betty Lambert, Woodlee, Virginia.
 Elizabeth R. Lewis, P. O. Box 455, Waynesburg, Pa.
 Norma E. Illick, 6856 Kenton Ave., Silverton, Ohio.
 Frances M. Lis 3809 Wrightwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Virginia G. Longpre, Cedar Court, Copiague, N. Y.
 Loretta M. Manilla, Bear Lake, Mich.
 Helen L. Marsh, 1114 Seminary St., Vincennes, Ind.
 Hazel V. McDormand, 94 Glenwood St., East Lynn, Mass.
 Doris E. McGraw, Box 394, Rte. # 3, Cairo, Georgia.
 Alice J. Miller, 402 Benson St., Reading, Ohio.
 Virginia Miller, 1519 Red Oak St., Charleston, West Va.
 Nancy S. Morse, Goffstown, New Hampshire.
 Frances E. Moore, 221 Ell St., Macon, Georgia.
 Catherine C. Moran, 610 Woodland Dr., Llanerch, Pa.
 Della F. Murr, 2019 Avondale Ave., Charlotte, N. C.
 Elda M. Noel, Noel Rd., Perry, La.
 Hazel M. Norbesky, 620 Glenwood Ave., Ambridge, Pa.
 Lauretta Novak, 5142 S. Ada St., Chicago, Ill.
 Irene T. O'Neill, 43 Tuttle St., Dorchester, Mass.
 Anne Pascoe, 726 Catherine St., Perth Amboy, N. J.
 Frances R. Pate, 209 E. Mulberry, Lebanon, Ohio.
 Ruth C. Perchard, 97 Harrison Pl., Perth Amboy, N. J.
 Lila F. Peterson, Griswald, Iowa.
 Jerryellen Phillips, 1609 Varnum St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
 Gertrude C. Quigley, 229 W. Fisher Ave Philadelphia, Pa.
 Anna J. Ramirez, 504 Juniper St., Quakertown, Pa.
 Luella E. Reuscher, 1509 Buena Vista St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Claudia M. Rinaldi, 3025 Irving St., Vallejo, Calif.
 Genevieve D. Rokosz, 83-44 Ashford St., Bellerose, Long Island, N. Y.
 Dorothy M. Russell, 3027 Glenway Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Jane C. Sample, Rte. 3, Gallatin, Tenn.
 Frances V. Schwiendt, 219 Mercer St., Gloucester, N. J.
 Sylvia B. Shapiro, 5131 N. Kenmore Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Lillian V. Shelton, Rte. 3, Chatham, Va.
 Vivian S. Smeardon, 1745 Dearwood Ave., Louisville, Ky.
 Ruth B. Smith, 113 W. Fifth St., Clare, Mich.
 Edith Stein, 1630 Park Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Mary E. Stukenborg, Box 432, Rosedale, Miss.
 Ruth R. Sullivan, 309 Preston Ave., Lexington, Ky.
 Antoinette Swiatosz, 69 Emilie St., Buffalo, N. Y.
 Mary Jane Thorpe, 5077 Ridgewood St., Detroit, Mich.
 Gertha L. Thurmond, Box 115, Gray, Georgia.
 Vicenta R. Torres, PO Box 116, Willcox, Arizona.
 Madge M. Treadway, Peel, Arkansas.
 Ruth Tucker, Rte. # 1, Fulton, Ky.
 Dorothy C. Wanlass, 530, E. 4th St., N., Logan, Utah.
 Ida M. Webb Box 1100, McComb, Miss.
 Lillian Wilcox, 1407 S. LaFayette Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.
 LaRue P. Williams, Box 63, Pikeville, Ky.



T/3 Lill Teasley
at work in Dental Clinic

Lt. Mills tells Sgt. Mac to
watch the Wacs' soles





let freedom ring



2666

FREEDOM OPERATORS

F aithful

R eliable

E fficient

E arnest

D evoted

O bedient

M eritorious

O bliging

P retty

E nchanting

R easonable

A lluring

T easing

O riginal

R adiant

S olid

THE WAC WIRES

When the final story is told of the work of women in this war, one can be sure that the women who staffed switchboards, military or civilian, in the States or in an active theater of war, will receive just recognition.

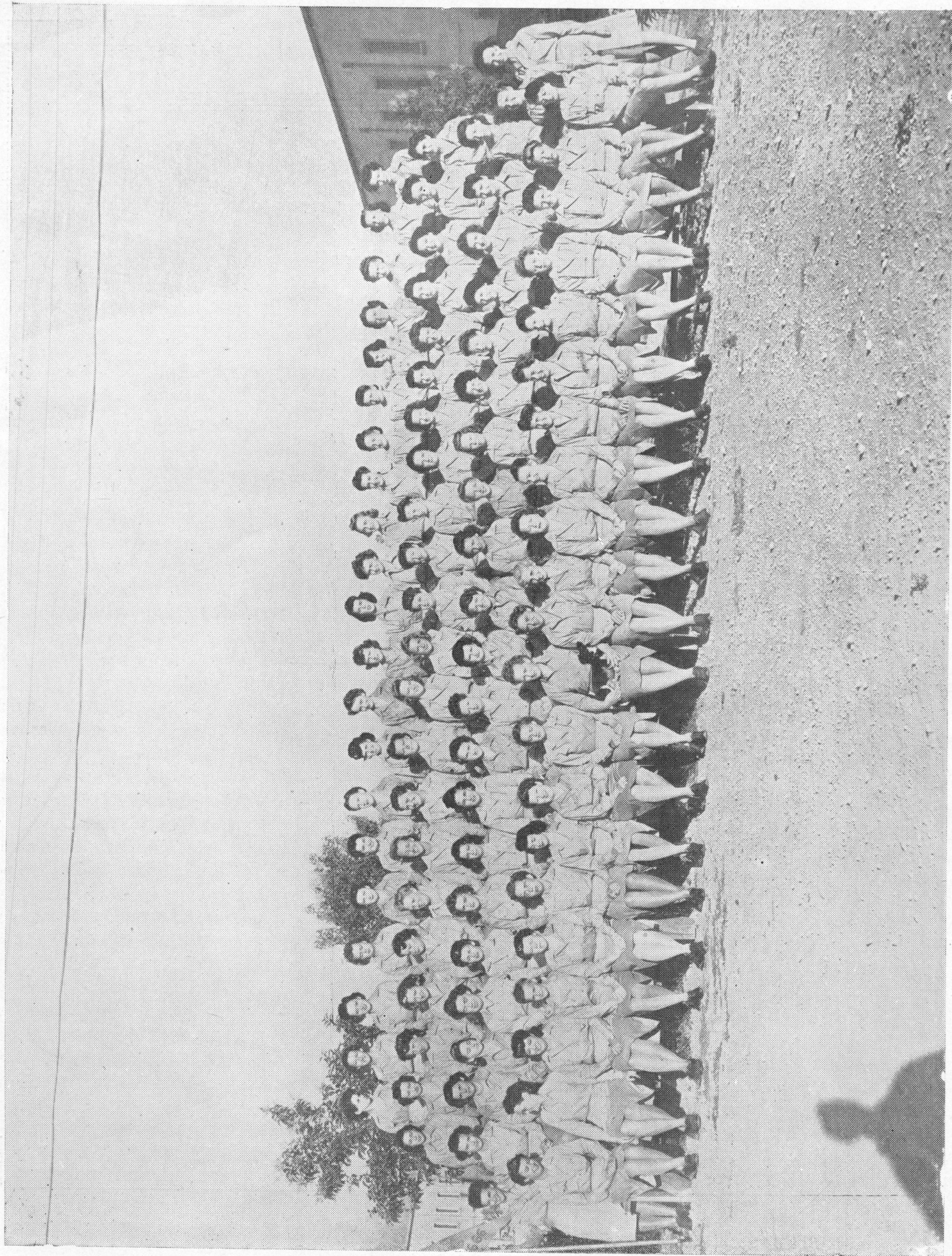
In the over-all picture of the contributions of members of the Women's Army Corps, no group excels the splendid record of telephone operators. True to the traditions of their profession, WAC telephone operators have stuck to the board, regardless of the emergency or the personal danger involved.

This has been true of the 2666 WAC Wires Company. Members of this unit were the first to work on a switchboard in an active theater of operations. It was in January, 1943, that the first Wacs slipped into high chairs, adjusted headpieces, and went to work. The place was Algiers, North Africa — the Battle of Africa was still a see-saw affair. Their non-commissioned officers organized and maintained a schedule that straightened out the telephonic traffic jam and brought efficient service that was so vital in those days.

So it has been from that critical time to V-J Day. "Freedom" has become the epitome of service. Their efficiency has been matched with their poise and courtesy.

And aside from the concrete service rendered, the voices of American women as they gave the exchange name "Freedom" has added that abstract quality that we have found no word for, so we call it "morale."

The entire theater has had as the heart of its telephonic network "FREEDOM."



2666 Wae Wires Co.

THE SAD SONG OF THE CADRE

O they don't give Bronze Stars to the Cadre,
There isn't glory in the job and few stripes,
But they take an awful beating — do the Cadre
And what a life of paper and of gripes!

O they don't give the DSC's to the Cadre,
And they don't place wreaths upon our brow,
But full of horror is the life of the Cadre,
Let me tell you the why and the how.

If the Pass isn't in, they curse the Cadre,
Tho they put it in but an hour before;
And their reasons for being late for bedcheck
Show WACS rich in fantasy and lore.

For months they buck for a trip to the States
Then "The One" arrives from Sicily or Rome
And what does the blanky blank Cadre do?
We have the nerve to send them home!

O the Top-Kick's life HAS no kick IN it,
They pout — "the hair up, the hat on - such a bore"
But comes a bellyache at two in the morning,
All is forgiven, they break down her door.

O the Company Clerk's life is nothing to cluck about
Drowned in reports and letters of all kinds
She pounds out requests both strange and wonderful
And then O Heaven — they have changed their minds!

O the life of the Mail Clerk doesn't send her
Answering questions til she can't eat or sleep,
But if its "no mail" they look at her darkly,
"I hate you - nobody loves me!" they weep.

O the life of the cooks is just one awful stew,
They work day and night — never get praise,
They bargain to get those vegetables green,
WACS turn up their nose, "What no mayonnaise!"

That's the sad song of the Cadre,
The tune of Supply, Headquarters and Mess,
Why in the deuce don't we change our spec numbers?
My Gosh! We like it, I guess!

FREEDOM



HAS A VOICE

Like spaghetti, like Chianti, it all started in Italy. The best way to introduce them to you is in the morning, out in the hall, where their native women stand. They are talking to them and you hear them say as they hand out bundles with brightly colored and flowered scraps peeking out from the khaki and OD, "Make it on the double" "Toot sweet, presto, make it snappy." The finery shows that they are very much women, but the "on the double" places them as military women. They are American Wacs . . . they are telephone operators running the Freedom Exchange of AFHQ, the largest switchboard in the European Theater . . . and what's more they are members of the 2666 WAC Wires Company. The "presto" you heard along with a few "pizons" and "molti bonas" was added to their vocabulary from their present home and the little town where their company was born—Caserta, Italy.

They had worked tired and taunt in Algiers, Oran, Constantine, and at the first Big Three Conference in Cairo . . . beefing sometimes too because when they told you the line was busy, you asked, "How long will it be busy?" as if they were mind readers; because there was no cold cream or soap at the PX; because washing in cold water in a helmet wasn't the best or most comfortable way to do it, or perhaps because there was no water at all that week. They struggled, the girl with the mid-western twang, the girl with the drawl of the south, the girl of the north with her strange accents and intonations . . . beefing because they were Americans who loved laughter, the familiar faces of their families, and the sweet cleanliness of their country. It wasn't so bad, they'd say, and it wasn't really . . . sometimes. They danced at parties given by GI's and if things were slow on the board and the monitor didn't cut in, you called that nice kid you met last night who just wanted to speak to a girl from the States. And sometimes before you had a chance to close your key, you heard a four starrer say to another, "Hi, Jack" . . . and you thought, "I'm part of all this." But then as now there was always the board with its flashing red and white eyes spelling out invasion and death and life and little victories . . . and the big victory seemed so far away. These were the future 2666ers.

Some of them are home now, like Ella Wright. She was the first Wac to receive the Legion of Merit and no one deserved the honor more. Not only for her work in setting up Freedom way back in January '43

when supplies and materials had not yet begun to roll in, and the African days were each and every one a "red letter" day, but for being a fine and gracious woman. Some have gone to other units, like Josephine Starnes and Timmie Wright and Neddie Bowman (she's back now tough, beatin' her brains and flappin' her gums keeping us supplied), and Louise Bradley who went up front with the Fifth Army to don boots and pants and slosh around in mud and snow to keep "Lightning Forward" streaking through the battle scarred skies and earth. Some like Capt. Hermance who has been with us since the beginning of it all, have been reassigned to new sections but still work hand-in-glove with us.

But let's go back to the story of the 2666ers and how they grew. It really began on the 26th of July, 1944. The children of 2666ers will probably be forced by their mothers to learn that date along with 1492 and 1776. Lt. Ruth Nichols started the ball rolling with just the right military efficiency necessary to swing the new company into motion. With her came Alice March (Murray) as mess sergeant, who made the word Mess a noun instead of an adjective with the food she, Beulah Clarke, Margaret Maggerty, and Marcello McPherson served out of those first cramped quarters with utensils and equipment which existed, for the most part, on requisition only. Then came Adine L. Von Coutren, better known as Van or Cootie, who left her beloved IG to become first sergeant. Imagine a top-kick with nine brothers and two sisters (incidentally they're all in uniform, too) . . . yup, 'twas out of the frying pan into the fire for Van Coutren. With a Texas Yip-ee and enough energy and imagination to supply 50 companies, Mildred (Flop) Ayers joined the unit as supply sergeant. And then there was Hope Brokaw who was destined to become mail clerk . . . and how the gals hoped that Hope would come through. In addition, she was Special Service . . . and she surely gave us SPECIAL service.

Little by little "fresh fish" began to arrive from the states. Plus "new blood" for Freedom with its singing voices . . . "FREEDOM . . . FREEDOM . . . ARE YOU WAITING?" we gained a Company clerk . . . Nettie Kraft who answers only to "Cheesy" (Kraft . . . Cheesy . . . get it?); Mary Ann Miller who unravels our red-tape and sees to it that the "Eagle" flies on the last day of every month; Vivian Vine who struggles with the native personnel for Battalion (and all on two words . . . si . . . no?); Judy Perseo (now Mess Sgt) and Juanita Roberts who arrived for their first taste of field-stove cooking. And all through this was Lt. Ivory who has been with and without us since the beginning . . . Mess Officer here. Supply there, Service Advisor to the Center and now Ass't to the Adjutant. What would we do without her? . . . it's nice to have her around, even if only on a roster.

'Twas on a quiet Sunday morn early in September that "Mama" Kruskall, after closing Algiers, "came home" to take over, and the shouts of welcoming that split the air sounded like a man-sized riot. In a few days Capt. (then Lt) Kruskall, Flop and Hopey made a survey of their new home and set to work. They found a GI artist friend who painted crazy-cute murals and decorations on the bare walls of the newly created day

room and game room and date room and mess hall; they dyed materials for curtains and covers with atabrine pills and concocted dyes that even the Pilgrim Fathers couldn't beat. It didn't pay to inquire too closely into the origins of some of those early acquisitions . . . A GI would look into the limpid eyes of his WIRES girl friend and hear her softly say, "Tommy, could you get me a couple of feet of beaverboard or plywood?" So the sow's ear grew into a silk purse of a home with lamps, ping pong tables, comfortable overstuffed chairs and a PIANO . . . where the girls who started taking music lessons could practice their do-re-mi's.

It had to be a good home to be worthy of the real heroines of this story . . . THE FREEDOM OPERATORS . . . FREEDOM INFORMATION . . . FREEDOM BOOKING . . . FANTASTIC . . . Oh yes, let's not forget FANTASTIC. It is not a large board like Freedom but it is no less important . . . in its own way . . . it is the party line of the 2629 WAC Battalion. Someone must have sat down at it in the early days and watching the drops that dropped when they shouldn't have dropped and cranking the old hand crank that rang it, must have said in exasperation . . . "this board . . . it's FANTASTIC!" It's the Caserta Wacs own board . . . you crank the field phone in the Day Room or the Orderly Room and you ask "what's playing at the movies today?" . . . Fantastic digs a WAC Officer out of the shower to sign a letter or pulls the WAC Medic out of bed at 3 AM (pardon . . . 0300) for a sick Wac. Fantastic will tell your boyfriend firmly, but kindly, "no personal calls after 2300" and will remember to tell you next morning at breakfast that "Joe tried to call you last night but 'twas too late."

Yes, we were practically full grown now, we worked, we played, we sang, we laughed, we cried, we fought, we repented . . . and through it all were our guiding lights . . . Lts. Woolf and Aman and Reilly and Penchard and Garlan. Our OIC, our Duty Officers, never too busy to listen to us, ready to swing in and become a voice when the board was red-hot . . . "FREEDOM . . . FREEDOM . . . ONE MOMENT, PLEASE . . . PARIS IS WAITING, SIR . . . LINE'S BUSY . . . I'LL CALL YOU BACK, MA'AM . . . pitchin' in after hours in sloppy fatigues to root for the softball TEAM! TEAM!! TEAM!! There was Lt. Darr (Smith she came over, the "Bug" bit her in Constantine) who left us last spring for Florence and a new assignment with the 12th Air Force.

Fall came and the rains came . . . the "older" girls began to go home on rotation and TD . . . wedding announcements appeared on the bulletin board, friendships that had begun in Africa ended in marriage in Italy . . . fall turned into the damp Italian winter . . . wool liners and fleece lined jackets were issued . . . the lines of the 5th Army moved north . . . the gals struggled with the pot-bellied stoves M-1 that gave off much smoke and little heat . . . basketball came and went . . . the days began getting warmer and longer . . . more "rookies" to take the places of those gone home . . . Freedom gained in strength . . . the Mess hall staff jumped one with Marguarite Topper whose rosy complexion told us she had not long ago left drinking milk . . . Lt. Monje "raw meat" as far as this side of the pond was concerned but a seasoned campaigner

when it came to being a good Executive, replaced Lt. Nichols who joined the Staff of AG. And FREEDOM flashed . . . the cords flew faster . . . FREEDOM! . . . FREEDOM ! . . . FREEDOM!! . . . Waiting . . . Watching . . . Wanting . . .

Then . . . Victory in Italy . . . the news kept getting better and better . . . finally, the great day . . . VICTORY IN EUROPE . . . V-E DAY!!!

And now, thoughts of home . . . the point system . . . 44 became a charmed number . . . "when do we go home?" . . . shipping space . . . converted bombers . . . Repple Depple . . . and the settling down of working and waiting. The waiting was pleasant though in our new WAC Shangri-La . . . tennis courts . . . softball diamond . . . roller skating . . . badminton . . . bicycling . . . theater . . . beauty shop . . . chapel . . . library . . . sun roof . . . Cocktail lounge . . . And the "Crazy hours" the 2666ers worked gave them time to enjoy all of these things . . . Des Moines, Daytona and Oglethorpe were never, never like this.

On the 18th of June when they passed in review, you saw a look like WAC poster on their faces which they would hotly deny if you told them about it . . . but it was there. When Col. Ramsey presented Capt. Kruskall with the Meditorious Service Plaque for the company, their struggles, gripes and discomforts were forgotten and when they came back they talked and laughed very loudly to hide the fierce pride they felt. But even before this, there had been commendations from General A.J. McChrystal, General T.J. Tully and Lt. Col A. L. Gracie, Camp Commandant of the British Section of AFHQ, all praising the efficiency, speed and gracious manner in which the 2666ers plugged and plugged and plugged.

An attempt has been made to describe the 2666 WAC Wires Company, but somehow it doesn't give the flavour, the essence, the little things that make 2666 a good member of a large family of Wacs, but very much full of individual life. Perhaps it's in the time the Company dog, Cappie, joined the inspecting party on a formal inspection, walking majestically before the inspecting officer, while horrified Sgt Van tried to surreptitiously shoo her away . . . or is it in the Sunday afternoon with Capt. Kruskall and Lt. Monje serving the fried chicken in the chow line and the Sunday slicked-up look of the girls and their dates as they chatted in the Date Dining Room . . . perhaps you'll take for your mental memory book the time you walked into the Orderly Room ready to blow-your-top over something or other and found yourself the fourth member of a quartet, singing "Don't Fence Me In." They make mistakes . . . like the day the gals got their wires crossed, expected Formal inspection at 1000, got it at 0930 and the inspecting officer found some of them standing stiffly at attention — in pink unmentionables . . . and they're human too, like the day "Fritzie" just got "tired of it all" and with one fell swoop pulled all the cords out of her board.

Women, through all the wars, have fought for freedom but the women of the Wires Company have truly given Freedom a voice. It is the voice of the past and of the present and of the future . . . it is the voice of the living and the voice of Lt. Anne Fisher who was one of us. YES . . . FREEDOM HAS A VOICE!

Number, Please

FRANKLIN and
FLORENCE met their
TEACHER from
VASSAR, who married
OSCAR. He was an
ARTIST. They all need a
VACATION of
VALUE, so they went to
ROME and saw a
BASEBALL game umpired by a
GLADIATOR. This was
FANTASTIC, but they wanted to
FROLIC. They found a
FARMER, who had a
TRACTOR. They thought this
TOPNOTCH because he was from
AUSTRIA. He also had a pet
TIGER which was a
FIGHTER and a
BUMPER. They became
FRANTIC and was
USHERED to the
32nd STATION HOSPITAL and given
NUTMEG. This of course is a
FABLE from the hills of
ARKANSAS but it can't stop our
FORECAST that the
FLAG of
FREEDOM will wave forever.

T/3 Gertrude H. Norris
2666 WAC Wires Co.



Van's Roost



Line of Communications

A Wac's Dream

Margaret A. Brett

March 18, 1944

Last night I crawled into my bunk
And relaxed outstretched on one big lump :
I tossed and turned for hours it seemed
And fell into a G I dream.
I dreamt the telephone platoon
Was called to meet in the Maker's room.
We left the barracks on a flimsy cloud
And I heard a voice ring clear and loud :
"Fall-in fall-in and dress right, dress".
'Twas good Ma'am Harris and she did not jest.
We obeyed her orders for we had no hates
She was leading us all to the Pearly Gates,
"To the left flank, right flank and rear", roared she
For hours and hours it seemed to me.
But it was not our right to question her why,
She was bringing us in on the beam G I.

And vaguely in dream somewhere do I trace
Lt. Merot with each hair in its place,
With angelic look, on her face a half smile
And with beaucoup of francs laid neatly in pile.
Now what I beheld were no simple mirages
She was deducting our pay, against statements of charges.
On a silvery cloud "hoh!" came to my ear
And just out of nowhere did Steinberg appear.
Roster in hand she called everyone's name,
This was only the start and we fell in again.
Then all of a sudden we saw in the skies
A tall gate of gold, thru' which peered two cold eyes,
The First Sergeant stood there with a large golden key.
What sin had I done, that this happened to me?
In her hand was a gig sheet which reached to the earth
On her face was a smile that was'nt from mirth.

We stood at attention for quite a long while
And she eyed us all over with just the same smile.
She sensed our impatience and said, "Never fear
For the time of your judgement is now drawing near".
My thoughts were engrossed in many laments
When I heard someone whisper, "They're all here, Hortense".

To myself did I argue all this is untrue,
It can't happen on earth and way up here too!
There were many before me who went thru' her door,
And I wondered each face shall I see evermore,
From her portals were heard a moan and a wail,
And I knew some poor WAC drew eternal Detail.
The line was much shorter, my time was now nigh
I took a deep breath and exhaled a deep sigh
I looked around wildly and wondered by chance
If anywhere near was Lt. Hermance
But I sought her in vain, and nowhere could I find,
And concluded she must have been left far behind.
My name was called next and as I started to glide
What once was my stomach turned over inside.
I started and stumbled, o'er the doorstep I fell,
As I caught the cold stare of our Captain Boutell.
As she glanced at my record the look on her face
Gave me no hope at all or promised much grace,
"It seems that three gigs you have gotten" said she.
How could such a misfortune have happened to me?
Her Sergeant's report did not err, so she said,
So what could I lose? Naught else but my head.

"Now sentence I'll give you and if it's not fair
There is no higher court like there was back there".
So, it left me no choice in the matter at all
And I knew I was due for a terrible fall.
So I squared out my shoulders and stuck out my chin
As the Captain dished out as to where I begin.
She walked to one side and threw open a door
I had all I could do to control a loud roar.
With long golden handles and silver spun tops,
In perfect formation stood thousands of mops.
In such a like manner stood that many pails,
It left me no wind at all in my sails.
Then out of this dream I awoke with a crash:
'Twas our quiet platoon rushing out for their hash.
As I pulled off my blankets and lit on the floor
I promised I'd never complain anymore.
I hustled and bustled, our area did shine,
I buttoned all clothes, even others than mine.

To work I marched off with a song in my heart,
 With anymore gigs I would have no more part.
 After a hard day at work, I returned to our place,
 To behold a sad look on my poor bunkmate's face.
 Now that look I have seen many times before this,
 And I knew that again we had made the gig list.
 Our clothes were all buttoned, our shoes were all shined,
 They were properly placed and properly lined.
 I looked around slowly to find the great fault,
 And under the bed my eyes came to halt
 Where a wee speck of dust was idly lying
 And had caught the sharp eye of whoever was prying.
 My dream I've divulged, you've read it in haste,
 You'll clean up your area at just the same pace.
 And when it's all over your record, as mine,
 Will total for gigs at least ninety-nine.
 Don't hold it against me, my poem had to rhyme
 And wish me a T/5 the rest of all time.



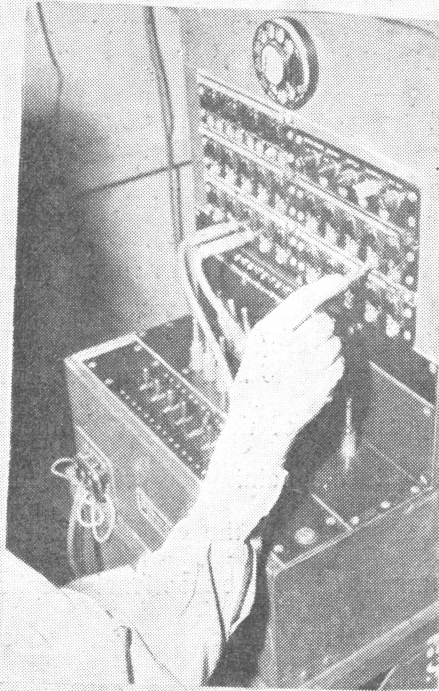


"Missed You Fridaday Night"



Freedom

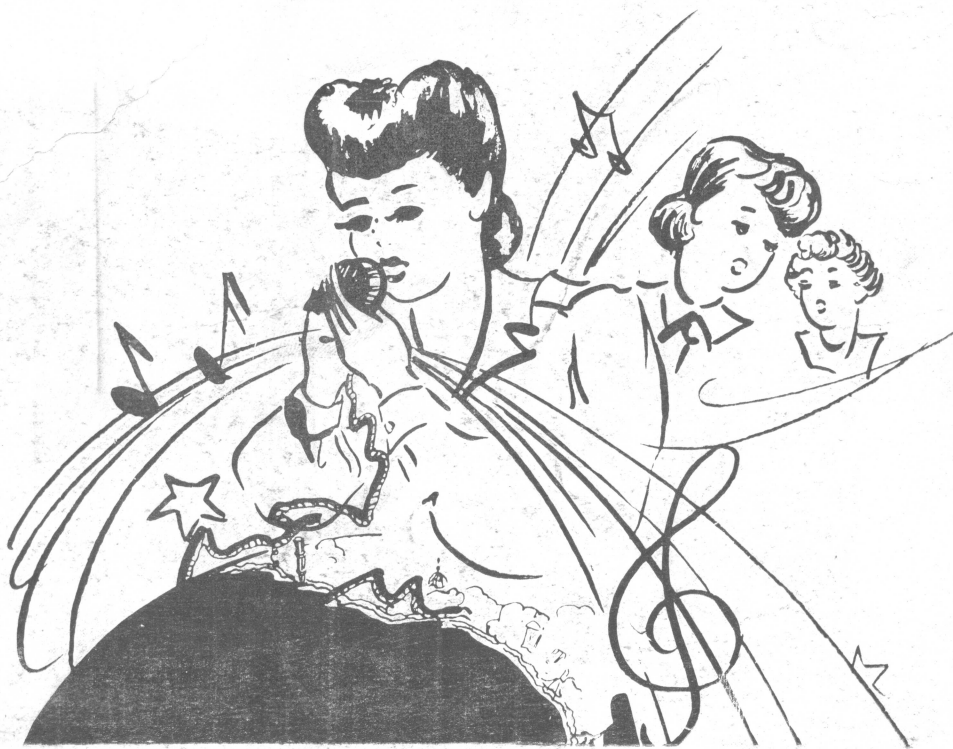
2666

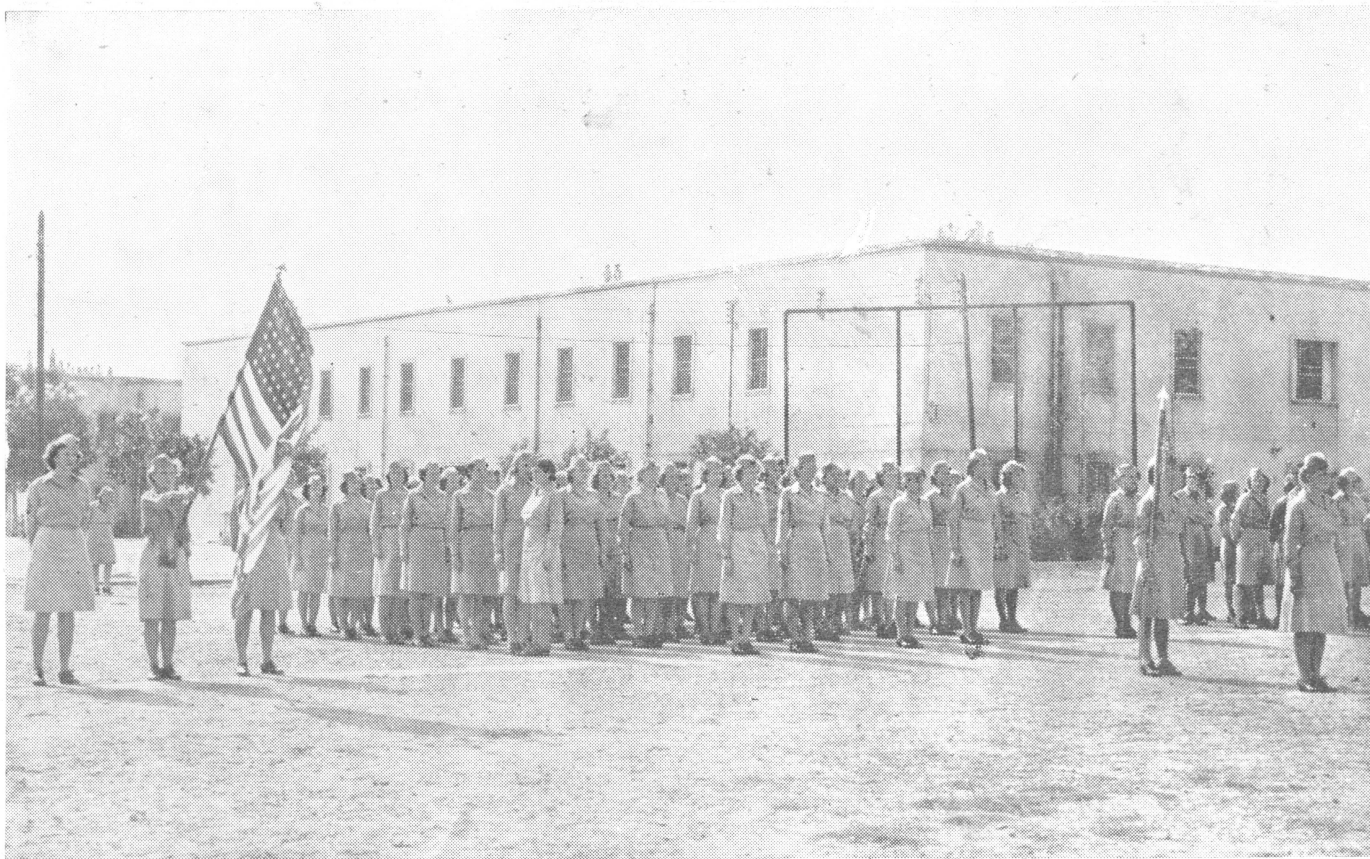


Freedom Rings!

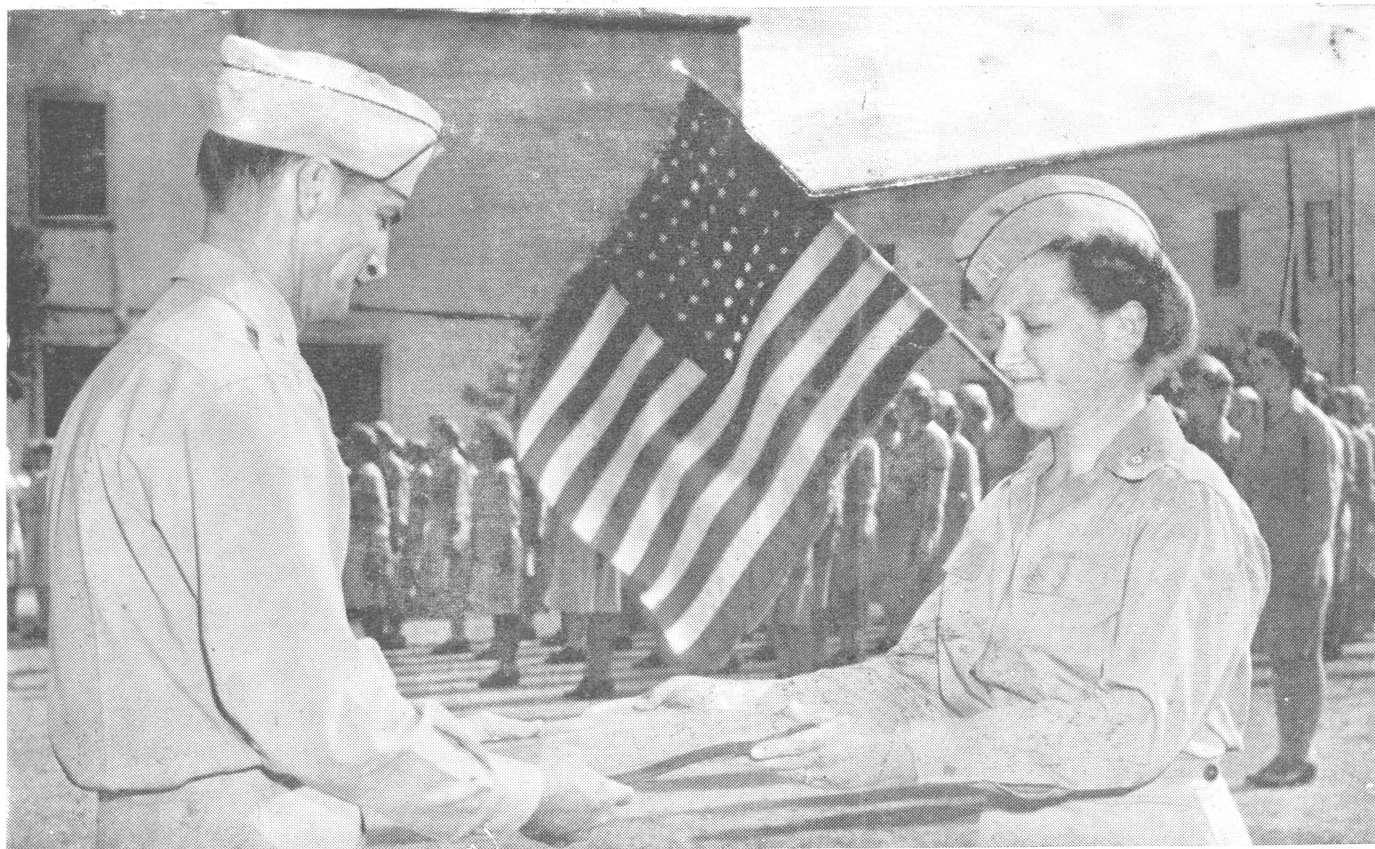
CITATION FOR MERITORIOUS SERVICE UNIT PLAQUE

"2666th WOMENS ARMY CORPS COMPANY, for superior performance of duty in the accomplishment of exceptionally difficult tasks in Italy during the period 1 October 1 December 1944. As the first all women's unit of the military service of the United States to operate independently the telephone switchboard of a large overseas military headquarters, the personnel of the 2666th Womens Army Corps Wires Company, displayed outstanding efficiency and ability in maintaining superlative telephone service at all times. The operation of three large exchanges, the assistance rendered in the establishment and operation of the military information board of the Rome Area Allied Command, and the exceptional telephone service rendered during the organization of Allied Force Headquarters at the new location in Italy, subsequent to the move from North Africa, were accomplished with superior efficiency, speed and accuracy. Their tenacity of purpose and willingness to accept and perform the most pressing demands, reflect the highest credit upon themselves and the Women's Army Corps of the United States."





Our Day - 18 June, 1945



The C. O. Accepts



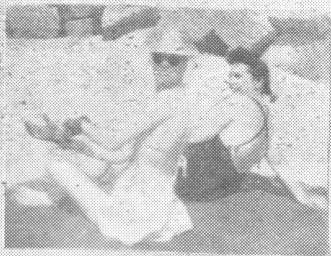
Web of Freedom



This is the Way . . .



2666



PLAYS





Ella Wright — FIRST Enlisted Woman To Receive Legion Of Merit



Beneath Italian Skies



6715
WAC
Communication
Company



Louis S. Rogers

COMPANY SONGS

MARCHING WOMEN OF THE 190th

(To the tune of "Marching Men")

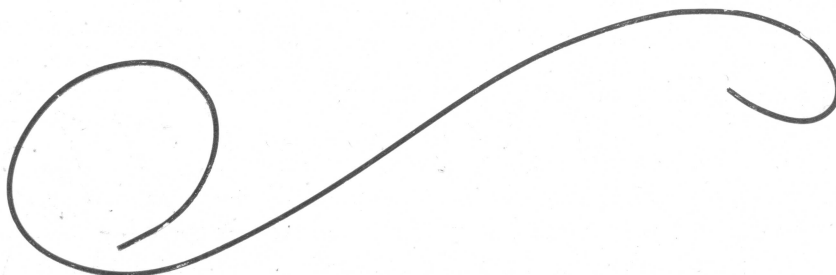
•

Tramp, tramp, tramp the WACs are marching
190th Company

We are bound to help our fighters
conquer our foes overseas

We will give our all to duty
Rush communications through
Secretary to the staff
Telephone and telegraph
190th Company

TO KEEP OUR COUNTRY EVER FREE



WAC HYMN

(To the tune of Cornell's Alma Mater)

•

Member of the Womens Army of the U S A
God above, we raise our voices
And to Thee we pray

Pray that You will always guide us
On the land and sea
Pray that we'll receive Thy blessings
Pray for VICTORY!

6715 WAC COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY



The above picture shows the first platoon of 6715 WAC Communications Co., which is under the command of Captain Rhea F. Maxson.

The company made WAC history by being the first complete communications unit to be sent overseas. Arriving in North Africa in November, 1943, members of the company were at that time under the command of Maj. Hortense Bôtell, then a captain. Capt. Lillian Harris served as executive officer.

After nearly a year in North Africa, where they staffed the largest message center at Allied Force Headquarters, the skirted soldiers of 6715 were moved to Italy last July to continue with their communications jobs, for which they recently were awarded the Meritorious Service Unit plaque.

Saga of the Signal irens

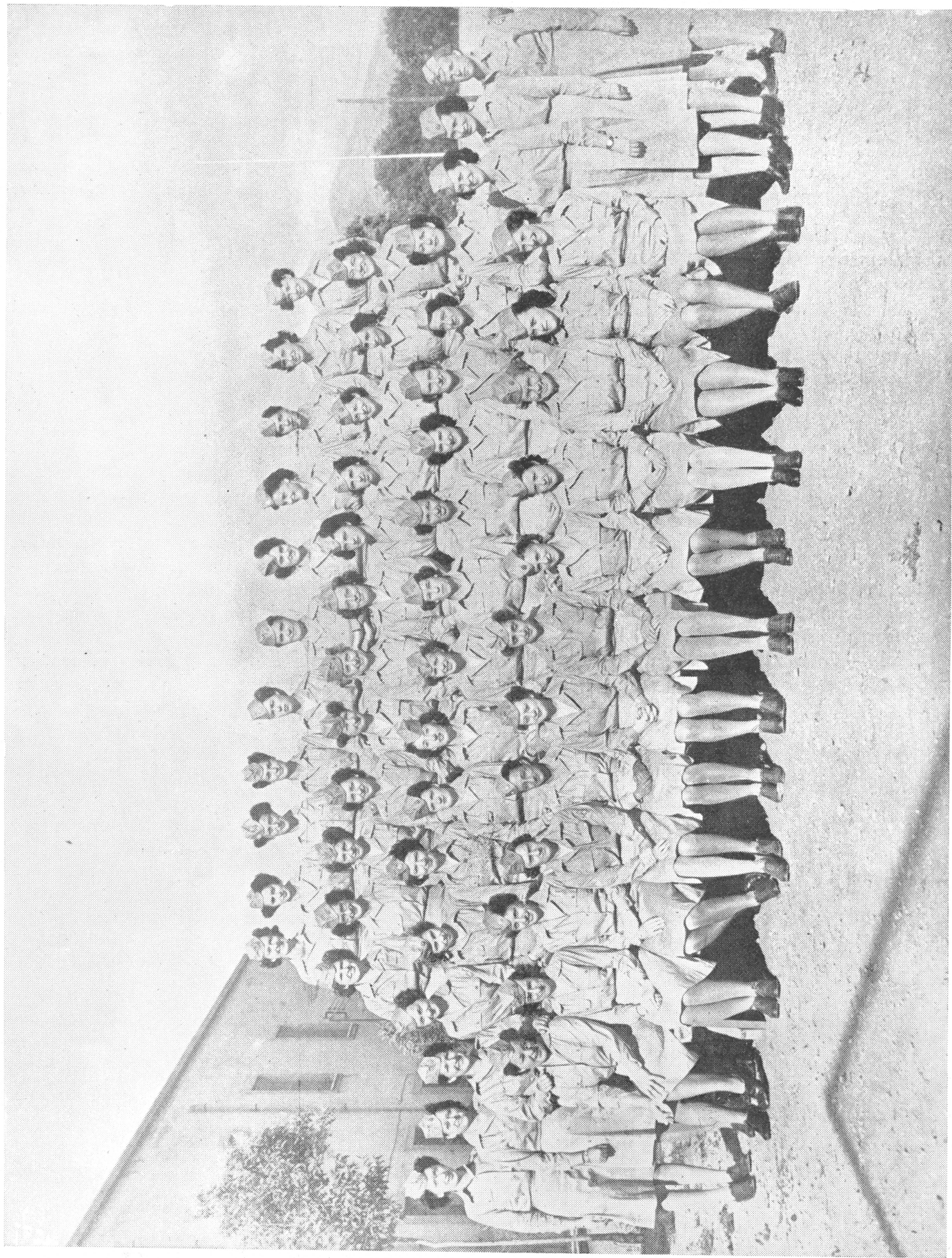
It all started back on August 15th of 1943. Nobody knew too much what the whole thing was about — but then nobody worried much about it either because they were too busy wondering whether we'd all have a bed to sleep in that night. We were put on the roster of the 190th Communications Company and assigned a bed — some of the bed numbers were changed three times that first day to keep up with the rapid influx of people. There were girls who were so tickled to get out of post-basic, staging or casual that they didn't much care what else happened and there were others who were sore because they were pulled off jobs where they were needed. A heterogeneous mess it may have been — but a cohesive company it soon became.

Days were never packed as full before or since with things to do as those were. There were classes which everyone invariably slept through, training films (How to Decontaminate a Tank) and plenty of hikes. But the days, busy though they might be, had nothing on the evenings. Who could ever forget those long, long lines (alphabetically by grade) where one stood for hours and upon finally arriving at the door of the supply room being greeted with the question "Do you have two pairs of socks?" The next night it was the same line but the question was "Do you have a dog-tag chain — if not why not?" And the third night you stood in line to give back the second pair of socks which in the vain thought that you were entitled to them, you had worn just that day. But it was really nothing to worry about — if you washed them after dinner and held them in your hand they were dry by the time you reached the end of the line.

Our first real thrill came on the train ride to Camp Patrick Henry when we got the idea that we were really roughing it when we got a squint at the mess car which we had walked through thirty-four (it seemed at least that many) coaches to reach. No one seemed to know quite where we were going and we'd been in Patrick Henry for a couple of hours before some of us even found out where we were. But that too didn't seem to matter since we were at last on our way. The minor tragedies of receiving two large packages in the mail when you had just stuffed both barracks bags so full that another sheet of paper wouldn't have fitted were just small incidents in the larger excitement of going somewhere — anywhere — it didn't quite matter just so we went.

When we first landed in Casablanca some of us thought that it was our superior charm and beauty that made all the soldiers so glad to see us but, alas, we soon found that anyone else would have received the same welcome — anyone else who was the first to land in Casablanca since the boys had been there.

The Toonerville Trolley which the French optimistically called a railroad carried us from Casa to Algiers. Of course if the engineer hadn't stopped at every crossroads to have a drink of wine with his friends, we might have made it in half of the time that it took. No one ate the C-Rations that the Army so generously gave us but the boxes did come in handy to sleep on at night or to use as card tables during the day. The troop trains that passed us were hit for everything they would part with.



6715 WAC Communications Co.

Saga of the Signal Sirens

(Cont.)

The Arab children's begging for "Bon-bon, chocolate" was nothing compared to the number of hands, with or without canteen cups, which stretched out of the window when any food except C-Rations hove into sight.

Our museum was a lovely place to see and the balconies at night were a joy to sit on but that is about the only good thing that can be said for the place. Never before or since have so many people been so cold and lived to tell about it.

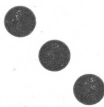
Teletype school, radio school, code school and just plain company classes made life busy if not happy. They told us two days after we arrived that we would go to Italy where there would be work and aplenty for all of us. Some of us even hated to unpack our bags for fear we wouldn't get them repacked in time but we needn't have worried — it was the same old Army game, wait and wait. It took eight months but we finally made it. One thing we did find out was that there was work in Italy for us — sometimes almost more than we had bargained for.

No history of the company would be complete without a mention of the events that gave us the name of the "marryin' 6715". Lt Cabell started it in Algiers and it hasn't stopped yet. Some people insist that the whole thing is contagious and evidence to support the theory is readily obtainable.

"Rotation and How We Didn't Get It" would make a good title for the book most of us would like to write on the subject. First it was — you're eligible in twelve months. Just as we hit the twelve month score, it became eighteen months and as we hit the eighteen month mark it was again pushed up — this time to twenty four. Then came the point system — with practically the whole company declared essential. There still remains the age limit but unfortunately most of us have discovered that feeling old enough just doesn't help a bit.

Sitting in the mess-hall for just half an hour, if one were a spy and intent on gathering information, would lead you to believe that: first, the Company is going to stay in Caserta for a long, long time (this one is definitely unpopular); second, the Company is going to Vienna; third, the Company is going to ETO; third, the Company is going to CBI; fourth, the Company is going back to the States; and fifth, the War Department has completely forgotten all about us and we'll probably die here of old age. All of which leads no where.

We've had our fun — we've cussed our share and we've taken a lot of dirt. But we defy anyone to say that this isn't the best company that ever came down the line. Why, even the War Department admitted it when they gave us a Meritorius Service Plaque.





The Spot



We Eat

Remember.

6715

You decided to enlist in the WAC. You took the train or bus or trolley to your nearest Recruiting Station, but in a hurry! Fearing you might change your mind about the whole thing (Turn backward turn backward oh time in the flight"). Everything seemed so simple (So the ad read).

You walked into the Recruiting Station and were met by your first M P (Who didn't care if your hair was on your collar, as a matter of fact, he didn't care if you had any hair)..... He directed you to the WAC Recruiting Office, where you were greeted by a WAC receptionist with a disarming smile (Ha, another fugitive). Then you started the rounds via the first interviewer who asked you when you were born instead of why?..... All the way down the line to the last desk..... This one finally got out of you the date of your last mistake.

Reporting for your I Q test and you knew you would be eliminated, because the Army rejected morons.... But you must have passed because! Several days later you were notified to report for your physical and dutifully you reported to line up with all your sister enlistees to run the gamut of medical scrutiny....

The telegram arriving "Report for active duty".....

Waiting to hear your name called off at the station and knowing what it meant to fall-in for the first time..... All the kisses and farewells.

Arriving at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. Reception, after what seemed like a thirty day trip..... In the mild heat of 110..... Remember the Reception Center..... Everything seemed to be a continual falling-in and out program... .. After two days you realized that you never did get around to washing your face.

The clothing process..... You marched in formation to the Army tailors..... taken alphabetically for fitting..... You were fitted systematically from your shoes to your hat..... Dripping with perspiration they practically had to peel your clothes off after each fitting.

The day you were told to pack your things for your march over to your Basic Training Company.... Up to this time Basic was over (So you thought!)..... The march was about two miles, but your feet insisted it was twenty.

Arriving in front of your new barracks and being confronted by the Basic Commander..... You were still in formation or a reasonable fascimile..... The thermometer still read 110 and when the C O looked over her new Company her face read 125..... The C O's voice barked out commands and your feet barked out twice as loud in refusal..... But the body kept marching on..... You fell into bed that night and if the angel of death had kissed you, you would have felt it a just reward.

6715 WAC COMMUNICATION COMPANY

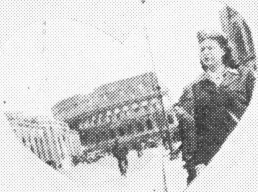


ALLIED SISTERS

'THE POLISH
WACS'



-VATICAN-



-COLISEUM-



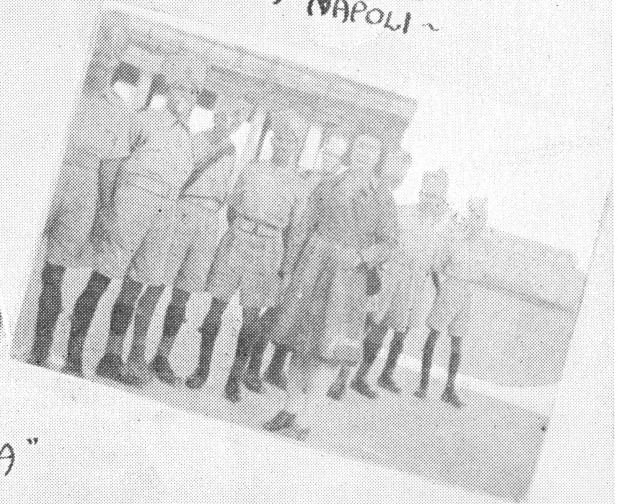
TWO SGT'S!



~BOUND FOR GAY NAPOLI~



"ROMA IS BUONA"



HEADQUARTERS
6715th Wac Communications Company (OVHD)
APO 512 U. S. ARMY

GENERAL ORDER # 89
Hq. MTOUSA, date 6 June 1945

III

AWARD OF MERITORIOUS SERVICE UNIT PLAQUE

Under the provisions of WD Circular 345-23 August 1944, the Theater Commander has awarded the meritorious Service Unit Plaque to the following unit :

6715th Womens Army Corps Communications Company, for superior performance of duty in the accomplishment of exceptionally difficult tasks in North Africa and Italy during the period 1 May to 1 August 1944.

BY COMMAND OF GENERAL MCNARNEY :

GEORGE D. PENCE
Major General, GSC
Chief of Staff

CITATION

6715th Womens Army Corps Communications Company, for superior performance of duty in the accomplishment of exceptionally difficult tasks in North Africa and Italy during the period 1 May to 1 August 1944. Activated to provide trained women personnel for the operation of Allied Force Headquarters Signal Center, the *6715th Womens Army Corps Communication Company* was represented in six different sections of the Signal Center, one section achieving the distinction of being operated entirely by women's Army Corps personnel. The outstanding efficiency and devotion to duty displayed by the personnel of the Communications Company during the difficult conditions incident to the move of Allied Force Headquarters from North Africa to Italy were material contributions to the success of the gigantic move. During the combined Allied operations in Italy and Southern France which required a high degree of skill, cooperation and accuracy by all personnel of the Signal Center, the officers and enlisted women of the company by their thoroughness and attention to detail contributed materially to the success of all operations.



6715's Day of Glory



We are Proud, Too

CODE - YOU BREAK IT DOWN!

We'll never forget when

Landing on a bunch of poison ivy during air raid dispersion practice was not a joke but a tragedy. The Arabs, from Casablanca to Algiers, wanted to buy Szaflarski at 50 francs. When asked how much he wanted for his goat, the Arab, said 1,000 francs. Szaflarski couldn't see why there was such a difference.

Harvey wore T/5 stripes on her bathrobe as a gentle dig at the stripe-happy people.

We would use the elevator and meet with Melsack on the top floor; how we hoped to get stuck in between floors!

Dick Brunner made fun of our hated details by publishing the item that the Wacs were seen dusting off the plants around the Museum.

Mary's hot toast at midnight tasted like the stuff dreams are made of.

Sister Legg used to invite us to join her in a word of prayer when anything went wrong.

The time an order was posted forbidding us to keep pets. How hard we tried to get the lizard off the ceiling!

The time each section had to sign for ground wienie sandwiches and they were counted.

Ann Barr got her first shampoo with sticky insect repellent while she slept.

Studstill, Harvey, and Lt Bradford ran a "Please, Mr. Anthony, what do I do now?" club for love-lorn Wacs, with Creekmore as chief offender.

We took drill and PT after working all night. (After a few choice gripe sessions on that there were plenty of Wacs who could give a Missouri mule driver a ten minute start and still out cuss him, hands down).

We thought Arabs were romantic. (We hadn't smelled them then).

Pershall was elected the "Girl I'd most like to be with when I missed the last truck home" by one of the local outfits.

We scratched our way from Algiers to Italy, thanks to the little "beasties" left in the hammocks and blankets by our good friends, the French Colonial troops, who had proceeded us.

Trice, in spite of a poor kitchen and only two stoves in working order, served us a turkey dinner the second day in Italy. (God bless the cooks; long may they wave).

It was the fashion to have hepatitis.

Our rooms in the villa overlooked the stable and smelled as if the donkey were in the room with us instead of next door.

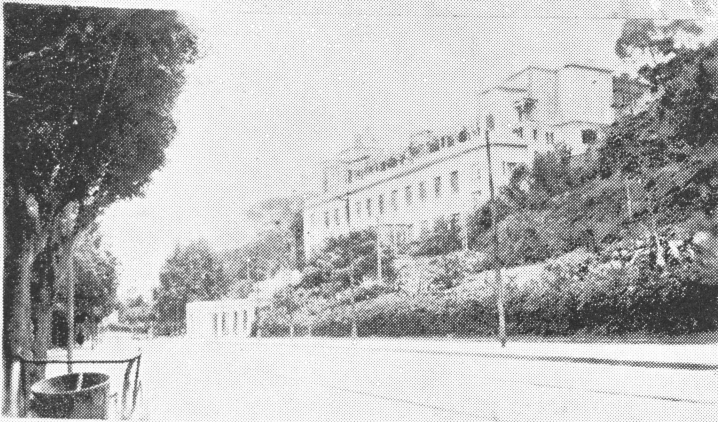
Howe watched the man paint sundaes and sodas on the wall of the mess hall, vowing that she was going to stand there until he painted a milk shake and then she'd scream.

Fairchild fell off the boat on the way home from Capri.

Austin tried to drown a mouse with a glass of water and the poor mouse begged for his life.

The mouse would walk over Daly's bed and she wondered whether that would be considered an "unauthorized object on bed".

We wondered who Hustle-Bustle was; now we know.

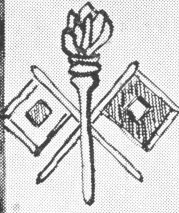


"WAX MUSEUM"

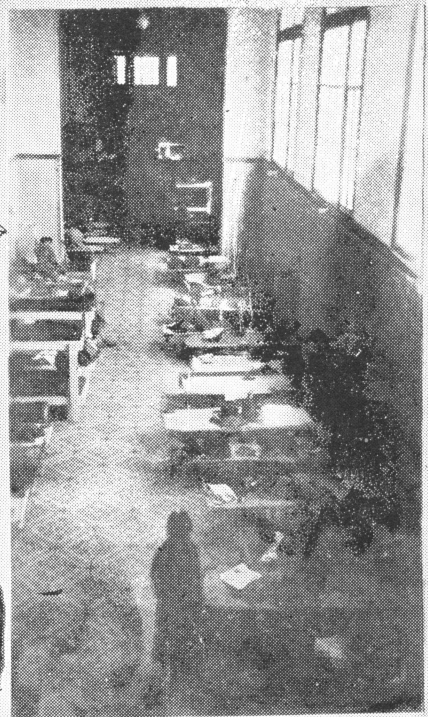


'PATIO'

6715



"CACTUS
IS
DUSTED."

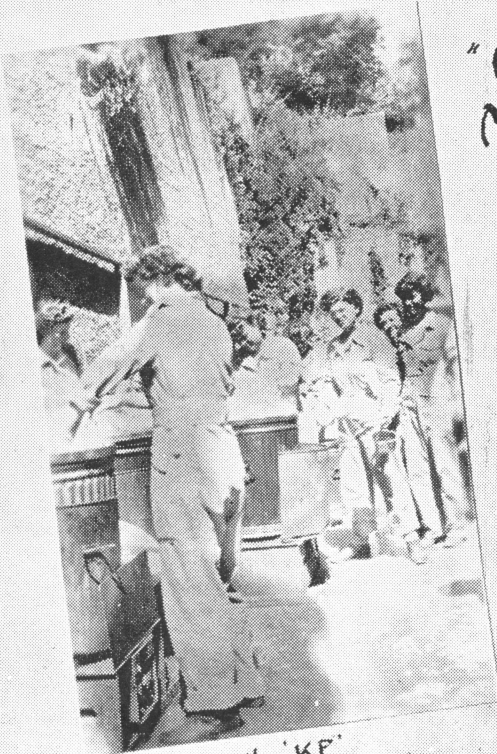


"MUSEUM PIECES"



'FALL OUT'

"ALMA
MATER"



DAILY 'KP'



~DONKEY

SERENADE~

CASBAH
OUT OF BOUNDS
OFF LIMITS



NOTRE DAME



~FUN AT POMPEI~

6715



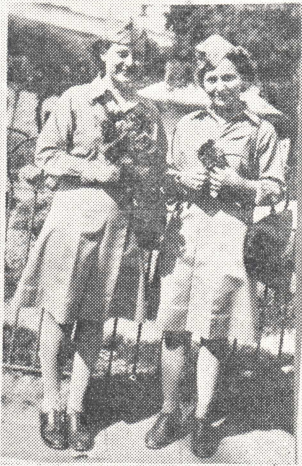
'CASSINO BOUND'



'T WAS ON THE ISLE
OF CAPRI THAT



ROYAL POOL



~AT THE SQUARE~



"OFF LIMITS"



TAKEOFF FOR FOGGIA



~COME BACK TO SORRENTO~

R e m e m b e r

6715

The third night of Basic..... You went to bed figuring out how many avenues of escape were possible, but!6 A. M. you heard a shrill whistle and the shout fall-out and in no time flat you were on the march again..... classes..... the first one *Articles of War*..... All your dreams of the night before smashed to pieces when she reads the one on *Desertion*.....

Your first day on K. P..... Now you knew that all your enemies back home were really your best friends..... For here in this great big mess hall were your real enemies..... One of your jobs was fee ing the pot bellied stove "Keep it going full blast", said the Mess Sergeant..... Returning to the barracks at 9 P. M..... Cirls asking you how you felt after your first day on K P..... Did you cry like a big baby? And feel like a big sap.

Again facing a new C O hearing her tell you how important was your new assignement the 190th. Then you were turned over to the First Sergeant who gave you a cold going over and you now felt kindly toward your landlord, because he looked much more kindly (Even after calling back for the rent the fourth time)..... Then your first day of extended field training and that night you fell in your bunk firmly convinced that Basic was only a preliminary act toward wholesale murder and that the Army was out to get you and your friends. After five weeks or a little more you were still alive, so were all your friends and each looked more physically fit than ever.

Leaving Oglethorpe at 6 A. M. almost on tip toe to board the train for the POE..... All the speculations as to where we might be going.... The train traveling four miles backward for every two forward (Could you ever figure out why we went by way of Buffalo?)..... Clinched by arriving at Camp Patrick Henry..... Meeting the boys just back from overseas..... The whistles and the wolf calls.

The boat trip..... The whispers when we heard we were to be unescorted..... Dog watch..... Walking up and down the deck swinging a club. ... Did you ever find out which hand it was most comfortable in?..... Going to bed with all your clo thes on..... The D O catching those who did not..... Meat and potatoes for breakfast (Apologies to those who were seasick)..... Members of the crew laying odds that we would never reach the other side without a torpedo (At breakfast too!)

Leaving Casa to board a luxurious French train for Algiers..... Wearing a gas mask to the latrine.... Reclining so comfortably in the spacious pullmans at night..... C Rations on biscuit..... C Rations a la can not to mention C. Ration in your eye every time the train stopped with a jerk..... swapping rations with the nurses and boys coming back from the front lines..... Throwing bon bons to the little Arabs..... Buying forbidden oranges (If only Eve had been a WAC she might have stuck to oranges too) but then look at all the fun we might have missed.

After eight months in Algiers..... The news breaking that we would soon be leaving for Italy..... The vision of at last seeing action..... When your hammock broke away from it's moorings during the night and you so gently hit the mess hall table. After all wasn't there always a buddy sleeping on the mess table who softened the fall... . Arriving in Naples, seeing the destruction that had been wrought so shortly before..... The tra'n ride that almost outdid the one from Oglethorpe to C P H..... Last but not least our arrival in Caserta.....

When we give our final salute and we stand our last retreat, if each one of us can say that from it..... First, I have developed a keener sense of appreciation for home, which is all of America..... Second, I have gained one true friend..... Third, I now have the ability to lift my mind above any prejudice..... Then we can turn the page on a most valuable chapter in our lives.



Studstill's Sanctorium



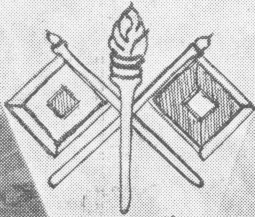
— Forum — (Not in Rome)



The shining hour - Mail call !



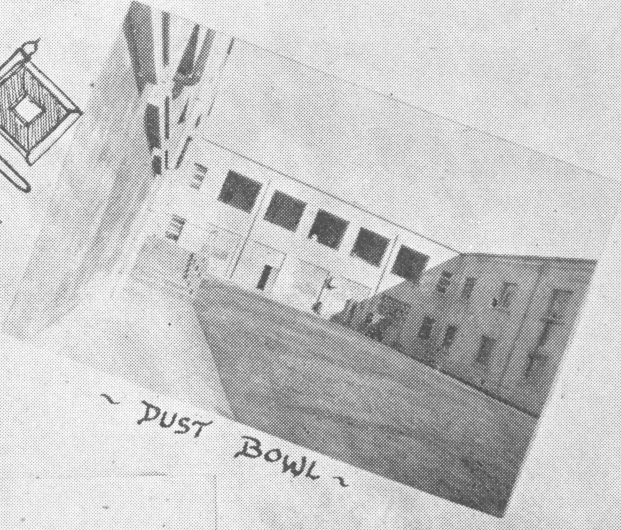
Thanksgiving dinner, Italy, 1944



6715



"WACKERY"



~ DUST BOWL ~



"HUSTLE
WE COULDN'T DO
BUSTLE" WITHOUT HER



EDITING SECTION & EARNEST



CO-BELLIGERENT PROTECTOR



GOOD CONDUCT SMILES



IT
WOULD
BE
HUXLEY!



~ VILLA ROSA ~



THE BIG FOUR!

Why Not Write to Your Buddies of 6715?

HEADQUARTERS PLATOON

Commanding Officer :

Rhea F. Maxson, 601 West Hillsboro Ave., Tampa, Fla.

Executive Officer :

Ruth E. Lowry, Sunny South, Alabama.

First Sergeant :

Thelma Steinberg, 320 Grand Concourse, Miami Shores, Fla.

Supply Sergeant :

Thelma S. Studstill, Rt. 4, Box 13, Wichita Falls, Tex.

Mess Sergeant :

Lorene C. Trice, 414 North Travis St., Sherman, Tex.

Company Clerk :

Elna A. Marsh, 19310 Harned Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Personnel Clerk :

Etta F. Justice, 209 East Adele St., Anaheim, Calif.

Kathryn E. Lainge, 2964 El Roble, Los Angeles, Calif.

Supply Clerk :

Lois A. Cox, 725 Emerson, Detroit, Mich.

Cooks :

Viola A. Comeau, 313 Maple St., Holyoke, Mass.

Alice J. Czesak, RFD 2, Chafee, New York.

Muriel A. Duncan, 1380 W. Big Bend Rd., Norfolk, Va.

Carmen A. Foster, 104 North Montana, Roswell, N. Mex.

Mary H. Kleinow, Box 176, Itasca, Ill.

Frances Boyko Mannino, East Beckley, W. Va.

Grace Stankewitz Sowell, RD1, Hanoverton, Ohio

June A. Yung, RFD2, Pleasant Lake, N. Dakota

Articifer : Joan O. Harvey, Bradenton, Florida.

COMPANY ROSTER

Maorra Aquillard, Box 34, Oberlin, La.

Ruby I. Alexander, 614 East 20th, St., Houston, Tex.

Marjorie C. Anderson, 1165 S. Humphrey Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

Alice L. Andrus, RFD 2, Allegan, Michigan.

Norma M. Austin, Great Neck Rd., Copiague, N. Y.

Edna M. Babcock, 615 Beach Drive, Seaside, Oregon.
 Grace H. Bachman, 27 S. Carlisle St., Allentown, Penna.
 Doris E. Baker, Corydon, Penna.
 Pauline A. Baker, P. O. Box 1281, Texas City, Texas.
 Roxa N. Baker, Route 1, Box 17, Ravenswood, W. Va.
 Helen I. Banach, 530 N. San Vincente Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Ann Barr, 1545 Vess Blvd., Birmingham, Ala.
 Emma L. Bascom, Route 2, North Judson, Indiana.
 Louise Bell, Salt Lake City, Utah.
 Ava R. Bender, 825 Sunnyside, Chicago, Ill.
 Betty T. Berger, 501-1/2 State St., Ottawa, Ill.
 Ruth L. Berger, 316 Brandon Place, Williamsport, Pa.
 Wanda R. Bettinger, 24 W. Fulton St., Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Marjorie H. Bindley, 636 E. Center, Marion, Ohio.
 Anna E. Bland, 820 Nebraska Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 Helen E. Blann, Grand Junction, Colorado.
 Elizabeth Blasko, 41-1/2 Gerard Av., Binghamton, N. Y.
 June V. Bokus, Middlebury, Ind.
 Lillie V. Bowser, Forman, North Dakota.
 Elizabeth H. Boyer, 6944 Cresheim Rd., Mt. Airy, Phila, Pa.
 Carolyn Brennan, 1104 Main Ave., Laredo, Tex.
 Ida E. Brown, Losey Court, Lemont, Ill.
 Agnes M. Buchko, RFD1, Wellsboro, Pa.
 Eugenia A. Burm, St. Joseph, Mich.
 Janice L. Burrows, 609 W. Doran St., Glendale, Calif.
 Bessie M. Butcher, 109 E. Hudson, Dayton, Ohio.
 Genevieve Buzenski, Mansfield, Ohio.
 Marjorie L. Card, 1319 E. 15th St., Long Beach, Calif.
 Faye W. Carlton 1003-1/2 Platt St., Tampa, Fla.
 Mary E. Carney, 71 Green St., Bath, Maine.
 Charlotte C. Carroll, 316 W. 47th Place, Los Angeles, Calif.
 Clara O. Carson, 25 Holcroft Rd., Rochester, N. Y.
 Olive M. Clark, 39 Church St., Wallingford, Conn.
 Betty R. Clements, 235 Baron Rd. RFD 8, Wichita, Kansas.
 Celia K. Clemmer, 707 Grand Blvd., Olympia, Wash.
 Ruth Cohen, 152 Main St., Wilmington, Mass.
 Carmen Contreras, 690 E. 138 St., New York, N. Y.
 Artie Cock, Putnam, Tex.
 Jennie E. Cook, 225 E. 30th St., New York, N. Y.
 Mary Applegate Coykendall, 5 Drake Ave., Newtown, Ohio.
 Dorothy M. Creamer, 557 E. 7th St., So. Boston, Mass.
 Rose L. Crowell, 2901 W. 26th St., Joplin, Mo.
 Marjorie M. Daly, 2612 N. 12th St., Arlington, Va.
 Josephine M. Davin, 2536 N. 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Jeanne E. Davis, 242 E. 19th St., New York, N. Y.
 Olive C. Day, Seavey Landing Rd., Pine Point, Maine.
 Ida M. De Haan, 1001 Underhill, Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Martha V. Delaney, Hereford, Arizona.
 Olive S. Deziel, 701 S. W. Lobelia St., Portland, Oregon.
 Virginia Dixon, 295 N. 5th West St., Provo, Utah.
 Florence E. Doolen, Kinmumdy, Ill.
 Leona A. Douglas, 2050 S. Sixth St., Milwaukee, 4, Wisc.
 Edith A. Dudley, Route 1 Box 606, El Paso, Tex.
 Viola Durst, 919 Henderson St., Houston 10, Texas.
 Adele H. Dykes, Route 1, Box 159, Amite, La.

Gholdia L. Enloe, 1006 Studewood St., Houston, Tex.
 Margaret S. Enright, 2610 17th St. NE., Washington, DC.
 Denver R. Evans, 3930 41st St., Sacramento, Calif.
 Florence A. Exarehakis, 315 9th Ave., Belmar, New Jersey.
 Eleanor D. Fairchild, 354 Parkman Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Beulah A. Fairman, 605 S. Pennsylvania, Columbus, Kansas.
 Alice Pitts Ferrell, 101 Demarest Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.
 Jessaline Fitzgerald, 1715 Marshall St. Boone, Iowa.
 Eileen C. Flanagan, 4404 S. 8th St., Arlington, Va.
 Dorothy H. Foote, 130 S. Elmwood Ave., Traverse City, Mich.
 Ruth Friedman, 133-20 Liberty Ave., Long Island, N. Y.
 Lorraine E. Gaines, 712-½ So. State St., Springfield, Ill.
 Viola M. Galway, 23 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.
 Faye Gallion, Shingleton, Mich.
 June A. Gilbert, 4941 W. Newport Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Flore A. Gilliam, Route 1, Brookston, Texas.
 Betty E. Goldsborough, 31 Worrell St., Chester, Pa.
 Madeline F. Good, 5920 N. Ridge Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Helen M. Grams, 531 4th St. N. E. Chisholm, Minn.
 Beatrice D. Hall, Longmire, Wash.
 Emily V. Harbin, 540 Hayes St., San Francisco, Calif.
 Kell R. Hardwick, 752 W. Century Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Margaret A. Harrington, 232 Main St., West Haven, Conn.
 Eleanor M. Heckerman, 344 Midler Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Gladys L. Hendrix, Frisco City, Ala.
 Helen F. Hennessy, 7121 Kedron St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Dorothy B. Hoch, 1636 Fairview Ave., Detroit, Mich.
 Augusta Holland, Gaylord St., Denver, Colorado.
 Vernie A. Holstin, 1124 E. Oklahoma, Enid, Okla.
 Vivian M. Hornaday, 1709 23rd St., Bakersfield, Calif.
 Margaret G. Howe, 1240 N. Limestone St., Springfield, Ohio.
 Irene Hunter, 506 N. Palm St., Little Rock, Arkansas.
 Mary Hyland, 1 Silk St., Wallingford, Conn.
 Dorothy E. Ingle, 211 S. Walnut St., Kewanee, Ill.
 Olga Palechka Ingram, 3138 W. 16th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
 Lucille C. Jarousse, 2410 Poplar Rd., Merwood Park, Pa.
 Norma Johnson 3036 Lindele Blvd. St. Louis, Mo.
 Jane A. Johnston, 1703 W. 104th Place, Chicago, Ill.
 Helen Jones, 1415 E. Jefferson, Boise, Idaho.
 Josephine T. Juarez, 104 N. Montana, Roswell, New Mex.
 Helen J. Juettner, 124th St., College Point, N. Y.
 Elizabeth M. Kammerer, 1065 La Fond Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
 Eloise V. Kaylor, 567 S. Jefferson, Huntington, Ind.
 Gertrude E. Keaton, Morristown, Ind.
 Rachel L. Keil, Marengo, Iowa.
 Martha Gilpin Kemp, 1238 Prospect Ct, S.E., G. Rapids, Mich.
 Josephine M. Kidder, 747 Vinewood Ave., Detroit, Mich.
 Edith K. Kleinfeld, 105 Winthrop St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Anastazyia J. Klosowski, 1227 N. Mautene Court, Chicago, Ill.
 Florence G. Koffler, 1562 Minford Pl. Bronx, N. Y.
 Ivah M. Knight, 1901 Ave. N., Lubbock, Texas.
 Mary E. Koenitz, 3-5 4th Ave., South, St. Cloud, Minn.
 Jane C. Kribbs, 314 S. Morgan, Olney, Ill.
 Urla F. Kunasek, 65 Granville St., Fairfield, Conn.
 Matilda Kunover, Route 4 Box 48, Huston Harris Co, Texas.

Grace Kupczick, Box 92, Tahlequah, Okla.
 Clare A. Kuras, 5650 St. Hedwig, Detroit, Mich.
 Madeleine N. La France, 14 Perry Ave., Nashua, N. H.
 Esther Lange, 1527 Phillips Ave., Racine, Wisconsin.
 Marjorie Williams Lawrence, 755 South Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
 Amelia E. Leet, Terre Haute, Ind.
 Frances C. Leonard, Eddington, Bucks Co., Pa.
 Violet Lerner, 1558 Park Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Esther C. Lindberg, 32 Mason St., Springfield, Mass.
 Christine Downey Little, RD3, Violet St., Johnstown, Pa.
 Dorothy A. Lopez, 352 7th Ave., New York, N. Y.
 Wilma Foley Lower, 503 N. Elizabeth, Clinton, Ill.
 Rita M. Lynn, 28507 Sumpter Rd., Waltz, Mich.
 Theda P. McNall, PO Box 373, Silver Springs, Md.
 Bonnie Snodgrass McTighe, 6832 S. J., Tacoma, Wash.
 Irene Q. Mallon, Box 87, Barnet, Vermont.
 Edith F. Marean, 1208 W. 10th St., Wilmington, Del.
 Eve Mark, 43-08 41st St., Long Island City, N. Y.
 Effie A. Marler, Carrizozo, New Mex.
 Irene A. Marsh, 1408 Haslett Rd., Haslett, Mich.
 Mildred Day Martynowicz, 3806 Woodbine Ave., Baltimore, Md
 Dolly M. Matthew, 1219 98th Ave., Oakland, Calif.
 Florence M. Mead, 55 Calhoun Ave., North East, Pa.
 Susan M. Meyers, Dauphin, Pa.
 Lila Michael, 6124 S. Ingleside, Chicago, Ill.
 Geraldine A. Miller, 1703 Fredericksburg, Austin, Tex.
 Elsie G. Morgon, Box 153, Mulvane, Kansas.
 Lillian C. Muller, 877, 44th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.
 Elizabeth C. Murphy, Box 163, Ojai, Calif.
 Yvonne L. Murray, 220 37th St., Des Moines, Ia.
 Jennie T. Olson, 7842 Stewart Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Annie M. O'Neil, 72 Elmer Rd., Dorchester, Mass.
 Mary C. O'Shaughnessy, Anthon, Ia.
 Martha I. Patten, Williamson, N. Y.
 Opal Bennett Patterson, 391 S. State St., Marion, Ohio.
 Marie L. Pellerin, 16 William St., Hartford, Conn.
 Janet M. Perkins, 1631 Woodsboro, Royal Oak, Mich.
 Lois M. Pershall, Route 1, Lakeside, Washington.
 Janet E. Pfau, 921 Fairview Houston, Texas.
 Edna P. Phillips, Raymondville, Tex.
 Muriel S. Phillips, 205 Nassau St., Princeton, N. Y.
 Jessie L. Pickett, 110 Manly St., Greenville, S. C.
 Hazel C. Pilling, Stockbridge, Wisc.
 Ruth Pope, 608 Valley St., Easton, Pa.
 Lesta Porter, 7800 Brookside Rd., Independence, Ohio.
 Julia Pregnor, 1100 N. Commerce St., Paulsboro, N. J.
 Pauline A. Quinn, 255 Freeborn St., Staten Island, N. Y.
 Beatrice B. Reed, Box 97, Roscoe, Ohio.
 Edith J. Reed, 35 Walter St., Salem, Mass.
 Alice A. Rericha, 7927 Gale Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Mary M. Reser, 2502 S. Woodward Blvd., Tulsa, Okla.
 Frances C. Rhode, 1165 E. 63rd St., Chicago, Ill.
 Catherine T. Rice, 21 Verplank St., Albany, N. Y.
 Alice S. Richlak, 5219 Wrightwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Annie M. Rish, Box 161, Abbeville, Ala.

Margaret M. Ritchie, Route 2, Totowa Borough, N. J.
 Laura M. Saari, 2117 Pennsylvania Ave., Detroit, Mich.
 Bertille E. Schilp, 3423 N. 11th St., St. Louis, Mo.
 Dorothy M. Schonlau, 1423 George St., LaCrosse, Wisc.
 Ila M. Seguin, Cor. Jackman & Alexis Rds. Toledo, Ohio.
 Dorothy Boycott Shaw, 59 Sylvan Ave., Pleasant Ridge, Mich.
 Camille D. Shulskie, 1390 Pine Ave., Detroit, Mich.
 Kathryn A. Siggins, 15327 Ward, Detroit, Mich.
 Grace Simkins, RFD 2, Williamstown, N. J.
 Carolyn A. Simpson, Bolton, Atlanta, Ga.
 Mabel I. Smith, 1431 F. St., Lorain, Ohio.
 Ramona C. Smith, Okarche, Okla.
 Rita G. Smith, 15 Academy St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
 Kathleen Brennan Sorum, 1476 E. 106th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
 Adelaide F. Sprague, Birnamwood, Wisc.
 Lillian Greenstein Stein, 3951 Bainbridge, Bronx, N. Y.
 Waldeane Cole Stein, 105 Arden St., New York, N. Y.
 Carolyn Sover, 3725 Macomb St., N. W., Washington, D.C.
 Pauline J. Suty, Merrill, Oregon.
 Florence Swan, 319 Alta Vista Ave., Oakland, Calif.
 Frances Trott Sweat, 3 Cottage Ave., Winchester, Mass.
 Hortense I. Sweet, 11343 Isletta St., West Los Angeles, Calif.
 Lottie W. Szaflarski, General Delivery, Phoenix, Arizona.
 Anna M. Tamalavage, 111 Lombard St., New Philadelphia, Pa.
 Anne C. Teel, 807 Wilson St., Bay City, Mich.
 Eleanor F. Tonks, Bernardsville, N. J.
 Elizabeth Trapp, 2122 California St., Washington, D. C.
 Elnora H. Tucker, RFD 3, Middlefield, Ohio.
 Grace M. Van Duzer, 88 Northumberland Gate, Lynbrook, N. Y.
 Mary H. Vinciguerra, 2946 N. 23rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Rose Voltaggio, 5209 S. Union Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Betty J. Vosika, Carroll, Iowa.
 Aurelia F. Walker, New Berlin, Ill.
 Frances E. Walker, 2018 Baxterly Ave., Lakewood, Ohio.
 Catherine C. Walther, 4719-44th St. N. W., Washington, D.C.
 Verna R. Wanken, Route 1, Clarion, Iowa.
 Mary Blackwood Wanty, R.D. 2, Portersville, Pa.
 Irene I. Ward, Claremore, Oklahoma.
 Ann Daranchos Watson, 2117 Quentin Rd, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Mildred D. Watts, RD 5, Bloomsburg, Pa.
 Elizabeth B. Welsh, 816 Stanton Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.
 Eleanor E. Welter, 2629 Hampton St., Chicago, Ill.
 Blanch I. Wilkins, 227 Greenwood, Canon City, Colorado.
 Mary T. Wilburn, Box 22, Tahoka, Tex.
 Winifred Williams, 5220 Kenmore Ave, Chicago, Ill.
 Christina A. Wilson, 1932 Seville Dr., Rochester, N. Y.
 Gladys Woodhouse, 21 Telford Ave., Reading, Pa.
 Bernice Yarlne, 1209 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Ill.
 Jean C. Yates, 300 S. Aycock St., Greensboro, N. C.



IT'S A TRUE COPY! AND TRUE

2 August 1945

MEMORANDUM TO: Miss Scott (Warrant Officer, WAC)
Public Relations Section

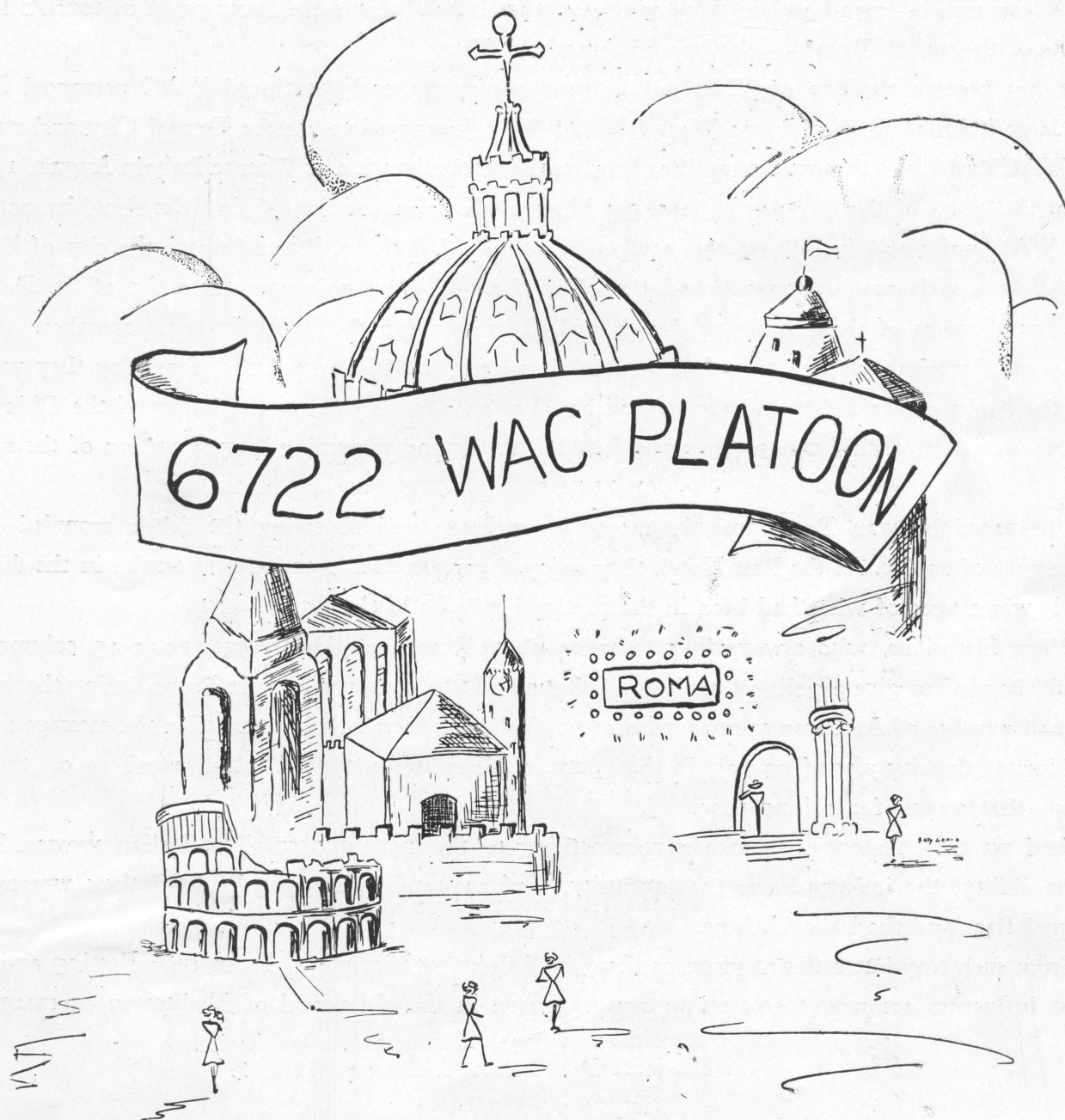
As Adjutant General of MTO and AFHQ, and thus Chief of the Staff Section that probably employs more enlisted WACs than any other section, I submit, at your request, the following brief informal statement relative to the nature of their services:

WACs are not superwomen: they comprise a representative cross-section of young American womanhood, expressing in a highly satisfactory degree a talent and aptitude for clerical service, rendered in a willing spirit and with a capability for adaptation. They gladly accept time-off and promptly catch the barracks-bus at quitting time; but they are just as ready in emergencies to work without regard to hours and in spite of cold, heat, poor lighting and inadequate office equipment. They cover about the same average spread of efficiency, from excellent to satisfactory, as that of male clerks. Prior civilian training and experience as stenographers and secretaries qualify them after thorough orientation in army administration, as principal clerks in all types of administrative duty; and if they seem as a group to be less able to retain their full efficiency overseas for as long a period as do the men, they make up for it in numerous instances by a greater degree of neatness, exactness and attention to detail. In brief, WACs have made a valuable contribution to the efficient administration of MTO Headquarters.

C. W. CHRISTENBERRY
Colonel, AGD
Adjutant General



Out of Uniform?



The Rome of the Wacs

Rome — the first capital city to be entered by Allied Forces in the campaign to liberate Europe. Rome — so rich in legend and so filled with art that it has become the focus point of tourists from all parts of the world. Rome — the city of American Wacs.

It has become the city of Wacs not because the permanently stationed WAC personnel was ever a large installation but because Wacs from all Italy journeyed to see the Eternal City and stayed at the WAC Rest Hotel that was set up shortly after the mass migration of Wacs to Italy in August, 1944.

In the lobby of the Capotole or later the Albergo Moderno, one could find the shoulder patches of all WAC units and it follows the patches of every GI division. Rome became the city of Wacs.

Holidays such as Christmas found the olive drab of Wacs going up the stairs of St. Peter's. Easter found scores of them going to church and crowding into the Papal Audience chamber.

These American women who had read of Rome and never dreamed that some day they would know the banks of the Tiber and the Palatine hill as well as they knew the banks of the Ohio and the main streets of their hometowns, were found "seeing and cameraing" every section of the magic city.

Unravaged by war, Rome was the mecca for women tired of seeing the debris crowded cities and the piles of rubble. At the Rest Hotel, they enjoyed private rooms and waiter service in the dining room. It was a taste of what had been in the past and will be in the future.

When historians, who always love to write about Rome, mention the year 1944-45, columns of type will be used to give a political analysis of the new Italia that was born in Rome during that year. The small number of American women who spent furloughs there or who worked in the message center and offices of the city played no part in that pattern. They were typical office workers or typical tourists—that stayed for a long time.

And yet these American women gave something to the new pattern. The Italian women have seen the ability, the independence, the ingenuity, and the respect that men held for these wearers of the Signal flags and the Pallas Athene.

From such tiny but brilliant pieces as these are bright mosaics made. From such fleeting and yet timeless influences are new forces set in motion, even in the old world of Mediterranean margined Italia.





6722 wac communications platoon





Home in Rome



Linen, Crystal, Silver Waiters, Waes.



The C. O. and First Sergeant



Queen of Rome (T/5 Grant) Talks to Claire Booth Luce

R

O

M

E



6

7

2

2



ROMAN CANDLES

From Algiers, where the platoon was activated in February, 1944, to Rome where, 17 months later, it faces inactivation, the history of 6722 WAC Communications Platoon reads like a series of morning reports.

For this unit, one of the smallest of WAC installations in Italy, has seen change after change among its officers and enlisted personnel. In addition to the original platoon, members have been drawn from 2666 and 6715 Companies in Caserta, while assigned to the platoon for rations and quarters are women from 6667 WAC Hqs. Co. and the War Department's OSS who work in Rome.

Besides housing this permanent personnel, the platoon's billet serves as a rest center for Wacs on duty in all parts of Italy, and members find themselves daily welcoming new Wacs or greeting old friends.

Principal mission of the unit is to supplement soldier personnel in various Signal Corps offices of the Rome Area Allied Command, such as the message center, code and cipher room, teletype switchboard, and Information and Intercept Board.

So well has the unit accomplished its «mission» that praises have been forthcoming from military and civilian personnel in Rome. Typical of these praises is a recent letter from the Field Director of the American Red Cross at the Army Rest Center in Rome, in which the director wrote, in part: "The services rendered by your Wacs and their work is of a superior caliber... Their kind assistance and consideration sent many front line soldiers back to the front in good spirits and a higher morale."

At the start of its activation in Algiers, the platoon was attached to 6715 Communications Co and was billeted in the now famous Musée National des Beaux Arts in Algiers. At the end of June, 1944, the platoon was relieved from attachment to 6715, which departed for Italy, and became self-operative. In the summer months that followed, the platoon joined the migration of Allied Force Headquarters to Caserta, Italy, and in September the platoon was reorganized under the command of Capt. Elizabeth Rutledge.

October of 1944 found the platoon well established in Rome, living for the first time in semi-luxurious quarters in the Hotel Capitale. Single and double rooms gave the women a sense of privacy for the first time in their long army careers, and comfortable beds with sheets and pillows, plus the almost unheard-of-luxury in the army, maid service contributed a near civilian status. A small dining room where meals were served on linen covered table cloths by white-coated Italian waiters added to this atmosphere. Certainly this was not the army that Irving Berlin wrote about!

ROMAN CANDLES

CONTINUED

Christmas, the first overseas for most members of the unit, was celebrated by the platoon at a Christmas Eve party, attended by St. Nick himself, and later many of the 6722-ers and guests of the Rest Hotel attended mass at St. Peter's Cathedral in Vatican City. The platoon ushered in the New Year with appropriate festivities, and the first social function of the baby 1945 was an anniversary dance on February 23, celebrating the first anniversary of the platoon's activation.

To supplement the regular I & E schedule already in operation, the platoon inaugurated a training program in March, consisting of classes in physical training, drill, and basic subjects. This program, coupled with the women's job assignments and sight-seeing trips in and around the Eternal City, scheduled as the weather began to improve, kept the 6722-ers busier than ever.

Cpl. Barbara J. Lauwers, assigned to the War Department's Office of Strategic Office and attached to the unit, became the first member of the platoon to be awarded the army's coveted Bronze Star medal for exceptionally meritorious work in connection with the enemy.

In May the platoon was moved from La Capitale Hotel to the Hotel Moderno, which provided an increased lounge space comfortably furnished, a bar, huge dining room in which unit dances could be held, and a larger number of rooms with bath and telephone extension. Their new billet was heartily endorsed by both the permanent personnel of the platoon and also by visitors of the Rest Hotel, for the Hotel Moderno is located near the offices where the women work, thus doing away with the heretofore transportation problems, and also near the Post Exchange, Red Cross Club, and the main shopping district of Rome, so important to the Rest Hotel guests.

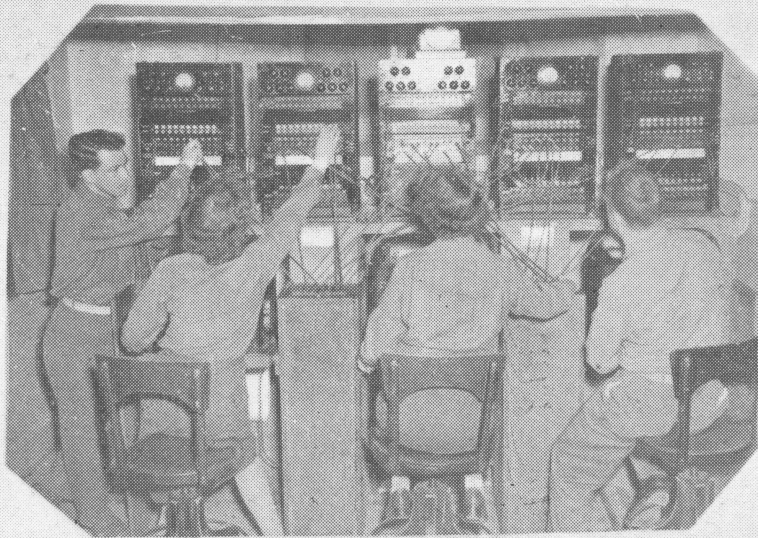
Moving to larger quarters also meant that the platoon could now inaugurate Special Service features, such as movies in the hotel, ping pong table, and daily trips to the huge Army Rest Center swimming pool.

As it does in civilian life, June brought many brides to the unit. Those taking the marriage vows included T/4 Mary L. Thomas to T/Sgt. Dominick A. Van Den Abell; T/5 Mildred J. Herout to T/3 Stanley M. Thien, and T/5 Ghouldia L. Enloe to Sgt. Raymond J. Krzeminski.

With the end of warfare in Europe, toward which they had worked 17 long months since activation, the platoon faced redeployment in June. First to be redeployed were the OSS Wacs attached to the platoon, who were discharged overseas so that they could continue in their assignments.

Now the communications workers are being released from their assignments and sent back to the States. Soon 6722 WAC Communications Platoon will be a mere number in the army's vast reams of records.

But to the women who once belonged to the unit, 6722 will long remain in their army memories as a platoon which helped, in no small measure, for the inevitable "success in battle."



WORK

then



PLAY





Wacs at St. Peters

SPIRITUAL LIFE OF WACS

One can not live long with an overseas unit of Wacs without realizing the deep spiritual faith that is evident. One can not live long with them without realizing the religious tolerance that these women have developed.

In this book are pictured Wacs at Protestant services, Catholic mass and Jewish worship. Their respect for their own religion and the beliefs of their fellow Wacs is significant of the lessons that group living and group dependence have taught them. It is a lesson that these women will carry home and from it will emerge a national tolerance that will merge into a newer and freer pattern of life.

Wacs go to church. Chaplains in this area when questioned about the church going habits of members of the Women's Army Corps, all pointed out the fact that they are regular in church attendance.

In addition to attending church they have taken an active part in the church activities. The Catholic women have organized a Sodality which offers an opportunity for study of Italy, the land which has played such an important part in the history of their church. The Young People of the Mormon church have an active group. A beautifully trained choir furnishes music for Protestant services and the Jewish women, with the aid of their Chaplain, have been most active in observing the traditions of their Faith.

Perhaps it is seeing the results of a devastating war; perhaps it is because they are continents and oceans away from home. But does it matter why? The important thing is that they have faith, reverence and tolerance.

WE'D LIKE TO HEAR FROM YOU

6722 WAC COMMUNICATIONS PLATOON

Commanding Officer - Elizabeth Rutledge - 162 Kilburn Pl., South Orange, New Jersey

Executive Officer - Susan Hammond, Nahant Rd., Nahant, Mass

Operational Officers - Ruth P. Ross, 281 Summit Ave., Bellevue, Pa. Florence Lein, 10th & Main St., Klamath Falls, Oregon.

COMPANY ROSTER

Aikins, Melba V.	Riddle, Oregon
Buzenski, Genevieve	121 E. Second Street, Mansfield, Ohio
Enloe, Gholdia L.	1006 Studewood Street, Houston 8, Texas
Erdman, Amelia P.	7 Midland Gardens, Bronxville, Westchester, N.Y.
Fiance, Margaret A.	319 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, New York
Galway, Viola M.	23 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York.
Grams, Helen M.	531 - 4th Street, N. E. Chisholm, Minn.
Grant, Nancy S.	200 Lawton Road, Riverside, Ill.
Hartman, Iona A.	821 Axtell, Clovis, N. M.
Ireton, June M.	2028 Cedar Street, Berkley, California.
Irgens, Cora L.	Ferding, Montana
Keigwin, Ethel M.	907 Avenue L, Galveston, Texas
Lewis, Helen P.	4736 18th Avenue, N. E., Seattle, Washington
Loll, Dorothea A.	1420 E. 23rd Street, Des Moines, Iowa
Mann, Margaret C.	451 Pulteney Street, Geneva, New York
McGinnis, Ruth G.	35 Cherry Street New Kensington, Pa.

ROME ROSTER (CONTINUED)

McKee, Marion G.	1308 Congress Avenue, Austin, Texas
Pointon, Doris M.	5020 Kincaid Street, Pittsburgh, Penna.
Schneider, Marjorie M.	200 N. State Street, Ann Arbor, Washtenaw, Michigan
Van Den Abell, Mary T.	19 Sheffield Road, Roslindale, Mass.
Becton, Julia E.	Goodwin, Arkansas
Groombridge, Helen L.	708 University, Seattle, Washington
Graham, Ruth A.	Church Street, Cheshire berkshire, Mass.
Grantz, Martha A.	RFD 2, Tarentum, Pa.
Leonard, Robin A.	80 Howe Street, New Haven, Conn.
Anton, Cleopatra	46 Austin Street, Cambridge, Mass.
Eyerly, Carmen Z.	355 S. 10th Street, San Jose, Calif.
Frame, Dorothea M.	626 N. W. 23rd Street, Miami, Florida
Hutcherson, Mamie Lu	629 W. McCarty Street, Jefferson City, Cole, Missouri
Hutsell, Jessie R.	Crab Orchard, Tenn.
Kazanjan, Takouhey	44 Broadway, Somerville, Mass.
Lamper, Miriam M.	1895 Charles Road, East Cleveland, Ohio
Vogt, Betty J.	1218 Saint Elmo Avenue, N. E., Canton, Ohio
Beam, Gertrude E.	2704½ South Vermont Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Brown, Eva H.	2304 Hazel Street, Texarkana, Texas
Davin, Josephine M.	2536 N. 17th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Gauthier, Virginia J.	172 Hall Street, Leominster, Mass.
Knight, Ivah M.	1908 Avenue N, Lubbock, Texas.
Koenitz, Mary E.	305 Fourth Ave., So., St. Cloud, Minn.
Legg, Edythe M.	3504 South Harwood, Dallas, Texas.
Lewis, Elizabeth K.	Route 6, N. Topeka, Kansas
O' Neill, Mae M.	3116 Grove Avenue, Richmond, Virginia
Richeson, Hilda G.	Front Street, Marysville, Pa.
Smith, Ruth M.	Box 58, Ferndale, Humboldt, Calif.
Sproul, Bertha E.	104 Holland Street, W. Somerville, Mass.



GOING HOME

Farewell to Rome, we're going home,
We hate to say adieu.
We have our points, our work is done,
And so we're leaving you.

Tho we are glad, yet somehow sad
To leave our pals and buddies,
'T would have been fun, if we as one,
Could have sailed from Italy.

We'll miss our Captain Rutledge,
Best C. O. in the land,
Your kindness and your courage,
Your smile and guiding hand.

We won't forget Lt. Lein,
How pleasant it has been,
To work with you we'd gladly go
To the misty gray Attu.

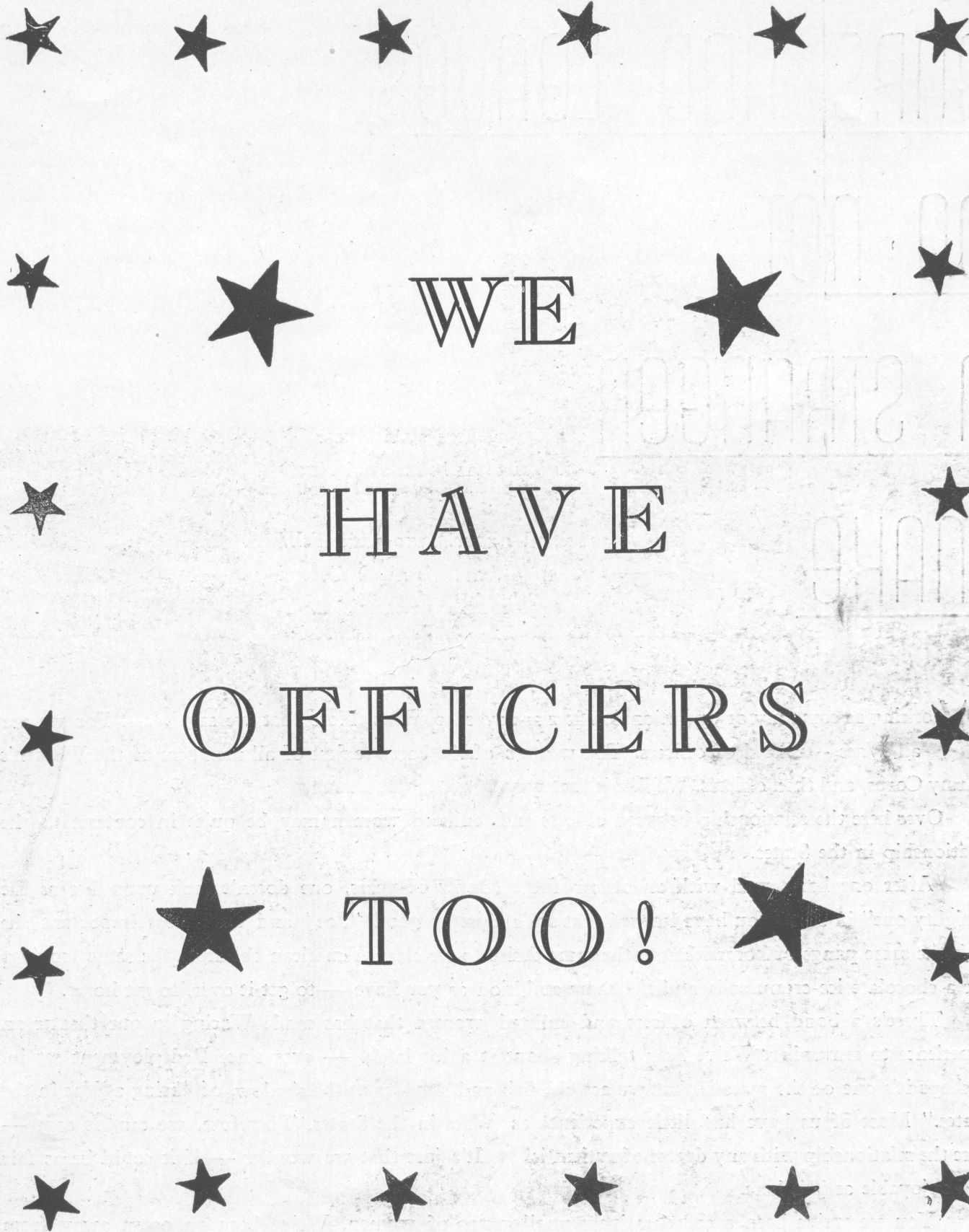
Lt. Ross was never cross
When we were late for class,
Just glance around, give us a look
Then check us in that book.

And to our cadre, one and all
Who tried to keep us happy,
A million thanks we hate to leave
This great big happy family.

T/5 Bertha E. Sprout
6722 WAC Communications Co.



*The 6722 Wac Comm. Platoon
Presents its favorite picture
St. Peter's in Vatican City*



WE
HAVE
OFFICERS
TOO!

BARS AND LEAVES

DO NOT

A STRANGER

MAKE

Working as company or operational officer are over 40 Wacs. Note that we say Wacs. For we are all Wacs - enlisted or officers. The wearers of the bars are first of all members of the Women's Army Corps, and then officers. We like it that way.

Over here the relationship between officers and enlisted women may be quite in contrast to the relationship in the States.

After one has served with an officer for a couple of years, one doesn't look upon her as the "mighty one" in bars. You have learned that she's a pretty good "Joe" and that most important she feels the same pangs of homesickness, the same desire to see clean American children, the same longings for a chocolate ice-cream soda and the same ambition as you have — to get it over, to get home.

There's a bond between officers and enlisted women that has made Wacing in our theater an experience to remember. We've been talking about it a lot lately — ever since Redeployment set in. Perhaps it's one of the reasons that we act childish and shudder at the shadow of "being a Wac in the States." Most of us have had little experience as Wacs in the States. Therefore, we cannot compare the relationship with any degree of authenticity. It's just that we wonder — if it could be as fair and enjoyable as it is here.

You see we've been a comparatively small group of women. We've been an ocean away from our own land and we've had no idea how long it would be before we'd get back home to the family

ties. For that reason we've banded together in our own "War Family." We've learned to give and to take, to condemn and to forgive, to work and to play, to gripe and to sing — together.

Through it all we have adhered to those military customs and courtesies that are an essential in the Army. Visitors here have commented on the snappy salutes and the military precision that we can snap into — but fast! They also have commented on the bright smiles that go with the salute — when Corporal Smith meets Colonel Brown.

It's interesting to note that in all our play activities, officers take part. Basketball season found an officers' team that played in the league. And when the Tournament rolled around and Postal went to Naples to represent the Battalion, in every game the Max-Wax played they were cheered on by a group of officers who side by side with the women, rooted for "our" team.

In the AFHQ Players Club, Wac officers have taken roles in plays. They didn't have the leads either but they did the role they had been chosen for and took the criticism of the enlisted director.

So it's been in every activity. Our officers have been mothers, big sisters, our confessors, our lawyers, our bankers, our builders of morale, our tearers down of conceit, our teachers, our disciplinarians, our enemies for an hour — our friends for long, long months.

The "thinker" of the Staff summed it all up in our bull session by explaining it in a few words.

"It's all built on respect. We respect them and they respect us."

And I guess that's why when you yell "Fall in" we do it in nothing flat and I suppose that's the reason we break out with "Poster Wac" salutes to you.

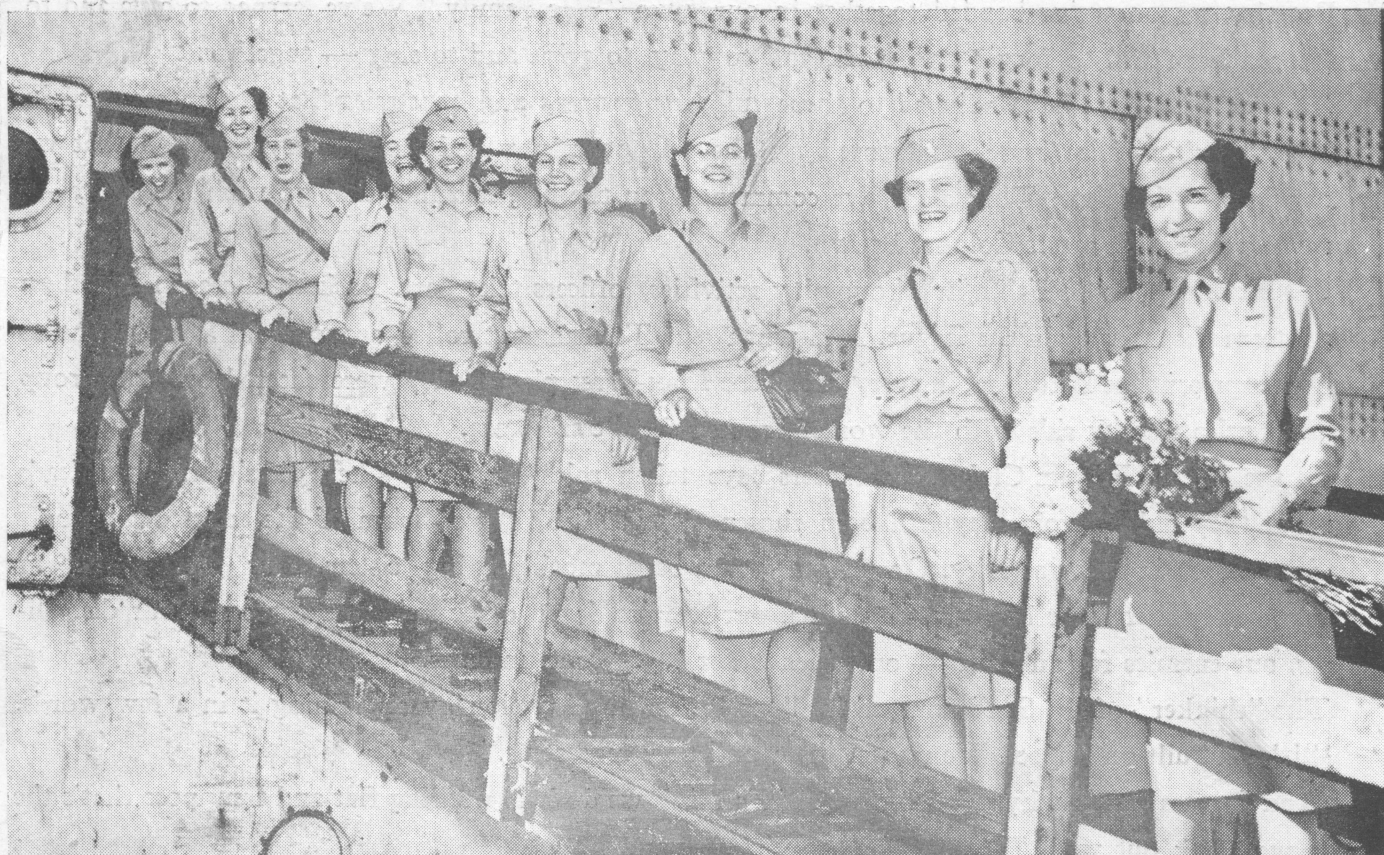
And the smile — well that's because we've learned from a couple of years' experience you're "Good Joes."

And I know that in the days to come we'll remember the "barred ones" with the respect due an officer of the Women's Army Corps and with the admiration due to "Good Joes."

The STAFF



AUTOGRAPHS OF MY COMPANY OFFICERS



Smile!

Mediterranean Cruise

They had already disembarked on one continent. They had already seen Italy — that is Vesuvius.

Now they were setting their feet on another continent. This was Africa and this time Public Relations wanted them without "field gear and musette bags."

"You're glad you're here, aren't you. Then smile. You're the rays of sunshine in Dark Africa. Come down the gangplank, smiling and showing the inner joy and enthusiasm we know you have," they pleaded.

True to Signal Corps tradition, the message got through and this gangplank of smiles was the result.

That over they went by luxurious 6x6 to a hotel that in Algerian past had been beaucoup. The hotel had not yet been DDT'ed but they did better than the enlisted women who were on the same cruise. They went to the School for the Blind which had been DDT'ed.

Things have happened to the above in the interim. Silver has replaced the gold of their bars — and whisks of silver are replacing the gold of their hair. They cruised back to Italia. They worked in the luxurious surroundings of a Bourbon palace. They learned that a hundred lire make a dollar.

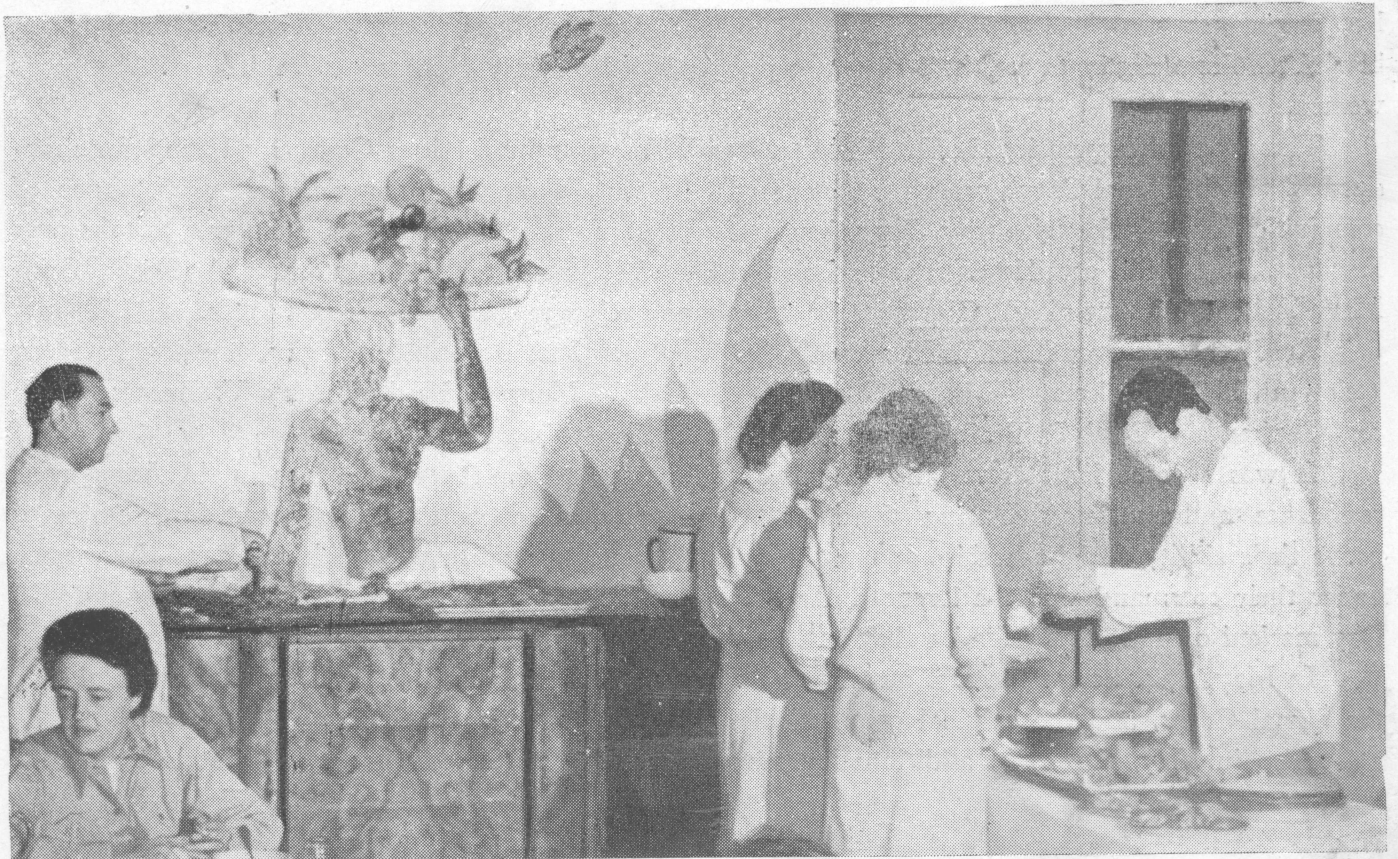
They cultivated the friendship of Lombardi with the aid of American cigarettes - and still got cold toast. They bribed Michael and little Mike and Ralph and found out that their favorite before dinner recipes turned to power that rivals the atom bomb when placed in the hands of an Italian.

They supervised the largest overseas communications network and after working hours, kept right on answering the phone at 22 Fantastic.

V-I Day, V-E Day and V-J Day found them going strong and singing "Ah Maria" in Italian and "My Dreams Are Getting Better All The Time" in American.



Ah! Fantastic Martinis



Ah, Spam!

2629 WAC BATTALION Operational Officers

THEY DID IT

Amazed Casablanca natives, as well as G. I. s, turned around and looked again that fifth day of November, 1943, at the figures coming down the gangplank of H.M.S. Empress of Scotland. The bright African sun glanced off the dull-colored helmets, but was caught by the slim gold and silver bars painted vertically on the fronts and the gold and silver shoulder bars reflected the rays. Many times had Casablanca seen these symbols of rank riding on the broad shoulders of America's men, but it bewildered them slightly to see them riding so easily on the trimly-groomed shoulders of America's women.

These were the operational officers of the 6715 WAC Communications Company bound for man-sized jobs in the Signal Corps, wherever they might be sent. Take, for example, that vital branch of communications — the telephone. Here then came 1st Lt. Lorena E. Hermance, who was to take over Freedom, the Allied Force Headquarters switchboard, and its satellites; 2nd Lts. Grace A. Smith, Anne Marie Fisher, and Virginia A. Calvert to be telephone exchange duty officers and OICs.

Ready to take over AFHQ's Message Center were 2nd Lts. Benna M. Purvine, and Bertha Hoag (teletype), Helen Hickman (Editing), Marianne E. Cabell, Mary J. Heyl, Chesley V. Barnes (Code and Cypher) and Edith R. Beale (Editing and Traffic Control).

It was a game little crew, and they looked forward to their new positions in the Army with confidence and assurance. During the following months, many commendations were forthcoming to prove their ability and leadership. Utmost cooperation and teamwork with each other and the women under their command was the keynote. And now 23 months later, with V-I Day, V-E Day and V-J Day marked on History's calendar that keynote is still predominant.

In May, 1944, came the first marriage — Lt. Cabell was married to Lt. Dan Flickinger, also of the Signal Corps, and the original group flocked to offer best wishes.

Also in May, the 17th, additional personnel from the U. S. disembarked — but in Naples —

and a few days later had to be reloaded and shipped back to Algiers. To Telephone, from this group, came 2nd Lts. Ira H. Woolf, Mildred F. Aman, Harriette L. Garlan, Olga C. Penchard, Veronica A. Reilly, and Florence M. Lien.

To Message Center were assigned 2nd Lts. Julia E. Felton (Code & Cypher); Maxine V. Fielding, Marguerite H. Johson, Anne C. Thieme, and Annie L. Longley (Teletype and Radio); Wilma I. Pierce and 1st Lt. Lynda Harlow (Editing). While 2nd Lts Ruth A. Brown, Ruth P. Ross, Juanita Taylor, and Edna S. Hewitt were assigned to various other sections. Already trained the were immediately available for the waiting assignment.

During the month of July, Allied Force Headquarters gathered its personnel and transferred to Caserta, Italy in one of the largest military headquarters movements in history. During this crucial month, these officers, and the women under them, worked with unfailing devotion to duty to keep the vital communication system running smoothly without a break, and were uncommonly successful.

Changes in the ranks marked the early autumn months. Lt. Lien was sent to Rome with a detachment to take over the Military Information Board. Lt. Ross also left for that city to assume the reins in Message Center. Lt. Hoag left for Leghorn as teletype and radio officer. 1st Lts. Ruth V. Nichols and Jacqueline Merot came out of company and battalion positions to go into G-1 of AFHQ, while Lt. Heyl transferred to G-5.

And on the 14th of October, 1944, Lt. Smith became the bride of 1st Lt. J. R. Darr in a formal ceremony in Bari for the second wedding in the original ranks.

And so the first year's overseas service ended, and it was a year of which to be proud. The new year started with hearts and hopes high.

On the 20th of April, 1945, came the tragic and shocking news that personally touched and saddened the entire group. 1st Lt. Anne Marie Fisher of the Telephone Section was killed in the crash of a B-17 a few miles outside of Caserta. The feeling of loss was far-flung, for she had many friends and her competence was an inspiration. She was buried in the Allied Military Cemetery in Naples with full military honors.

In May came the end of the war in Europe. The work did not slacken, but even became greater. The goal had been partly achieved but there was still war and there were still communications that had to go thru. The Signal Operational Officers kept right on, still working a "round the clock" schedule.

Came redeployment and heavy telephone and teletype traffic. And then came the "one" message—Japan had surrendered. The message that came from the Message Center at AFHQ started a long awaited celebration. Discarded ticker and teletype tape floated from the windows of the Palace.

There was no time for celebration in the Freedom Exchange or in the Message Center — There were still the relentless flashing of lights on the switchboard and the eternal flood of messages on the teletypes.

The WACS knew that there would be — until every American Soldier, man or woman, had gone home.



T H E S T A F F O F L I F E

In addition to the regularly assigned Battalion Officers, there are several "queer ducks" roosting here who are assigned to AFHQ Staff Sections.

In order of their appearance on the AFHQ Staff Section Roster, they are:

WOJG AILEEN STEGALL - Office of the Commanding General: Miss Stegall is one of the hurdles the innocents have to jump when trying to reach Gen. McNarney or Gen. Nelson, and while knowing her is pleasant, even more pleasant is the day if she doesn't call to say "The General wants to see you *right away*."

Capt. JACQUELINE B. MEROT, AGD, Adjutant General's Section — appointments and promotions, awards and decorations, or what have you — anyway, if your paper is in AG Personnel, call Jackie for help. The ex-adjutant of 2629 is a regulation expert "ne plus de."

1st Lt MIRIAM K. WATSON, AGD, Adjutant General's Section — executive to the executive, Kitty might be designated as "home town girl who made good." She served in MTOUSA prior to going to OCS and was returned to us after being commissioned.

Captain BERNICE L. PULVER WAC; WOJG IRENE F. SCOTT, both of Information and Censorship Section, PRO. Everyone knows Bernie and Scotty — what more needs be said?

1st Lt CONSUELO R. DOGGETT, WAC, QM Section: Connie was assigned to QM particularly to aid the WAC clothing supply situation. Her specialty is parties and planning — and before going to QM was the battalion's old reliable in that field. She recently left for ETO.

Capt. RUTH A. NICHOLS, AGD, Special Service: Nicky is running the administrative branch of Special Service these days. She is ex-AG Section and ex-WAC Bn — how she gets around!

Lt. BERNARD LIVES here too. An Air Force officer but she likes life at Fantasia.



Ball of Fire



Dinner for VNP (Very Nice People)

They Lived at the

Den of Dames

1st Lt. Midred F. Aman
4045 East Ave. Rochester, N. Y.

1st Lt. Norine N. Benard
2370 West 20th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

1st Lt. Julia E. Felton
Rte. 2, Madison 5, Wisconsin

1st Lt. Maxine V. Fielding
6422 Sherwood Road, Baltimore, Md.

Capt. Lorena E. Hermance
4161 Tarjunga Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.

1st Lt. Mary Jane Heyl
Mayfair Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.

Capt. Helen H. Hickman
220 N. State St., Westville, Ill.

1st Lt. Edna S. Hewitt
7033 Washington Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

1st Lt. Marguerite H. Johnson
1324 Oakes Ave., Everett, Washington

1st Lt. Vera L. Kalley
294 Plainfield Ave., Floral Park, L. I., N. Y.

1st Lt. Annie L. Longley
R. F. D. Pontd Creek, Oklahoma

Capt. Gloria B. Margules
714 Glendale Ave., Dallas, Texas

Capt. Jacqueline B. Merot
8200 Apricot St., New Orleans, La.

Capt. Ruth A. Nichols
125 Georgia Ave., Barnesville, Georgia

W/O Irene F. Scott
Camarillo, Calif.

1st Lt. Olga C. Penchard
11308 Third Ave., Ozone Park, N. Y.

1st Lt. Benna M. Purvine
2000 F. Street, N. W., Washington D.C.

1st Lt. Wilma E. Pierce
c/o Crouch-Croft, Bemus Point, N. Y.

1st Lt. Elizabeth M. Parker
128 N. McDowell St., Raleigh, N. C.

1st Lt. Marguerite Mountcastle
11 Fort Sanders Manor, Knoxville, Tenn.

1st Lt. Lynda Harlow
1538 - 25th Ave, San Francisco, Calif.

1st Lt. Harriette L. Garlan
7 Jonathan Circle, Watsonville, Calif.

Capt. Elizabeth Garber Tate
330 W. Pleasant St., Dunkirk, Indiana

1st Lt. Veronica A. Reilly
2219 Fenton Ave, Bronx, N. Y.

1st Lt. Ruth P. Ross
281 Summit Ave., Bellevue, Pa.

W/O Aileen Stegall
310 University, Seminole, Oklahoma

1st Lt. Ann C. Thieme
329 Columbia, Los Angeles, Calif.

1st Lt. Miriam K. Watson
Mt. Airy Farm, Stephens City, Va.

1st Lt. Ira H. Woolf
2065 Boad St., Augusta, Georgia



JOE OF ST. EVE'S

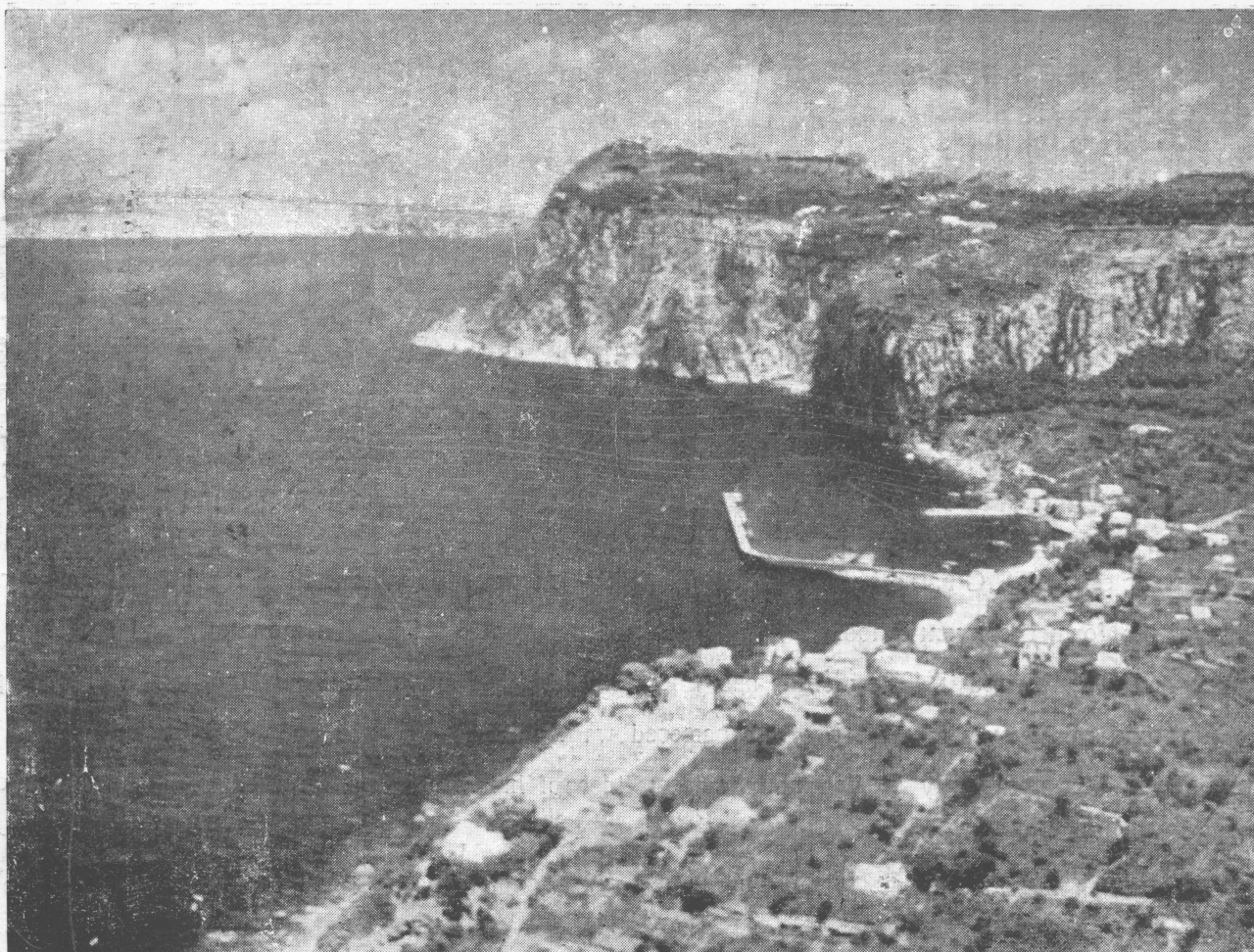
The walls of the WAC barracks are barren. Their lives aren't. They have been too busy since their occupation of the former convent-school to put up colored pictures to relieve the monotony and somehow this particular wall doesn't need it. Five months ago when the first girls moved in, one flung herself on the upper crude bunk and raised eyes to the top of the pastured wall. Then she gasped and other eyes wandered up. There he was—but apparently he had not the least idea of harm. No one bothered to bother him and he didn't bother to bother anybody.

At night when the girls climb the long winding stairs to their quarters, they rather casually glance to see if Joe is there. He always is. Once in a while Joe's position is slightly changed. His head may point floorward or he may have inched closer to the ceiling or he may have moved a centimeter to the right or left. He has never been seen leaving his guard position. Where he eats or drinks no one knows. He's just there. Occasionally a voice will comment: "Wonder if he is a he." Someone will reply: "I don't think so. The army wouldn't allow him in here. And a he wouldn't stay so close to home."

But they always glance up. It's sort of nice to come home to—it's a permanent thing in their life. Nobody gasps anymore, except newcomers who ask "What's that?" and receive the unflowered answer, "Joe". Tonight Joe will be there. I think those girls would sort of miss him if he weren't in his spot—and if anything happened to him, they'd feel sort of bad—but they'd say nothing. They are gallant gal soldiers.

Joe is a lizard.





YOU'LL FIND THEM ON CAPRI

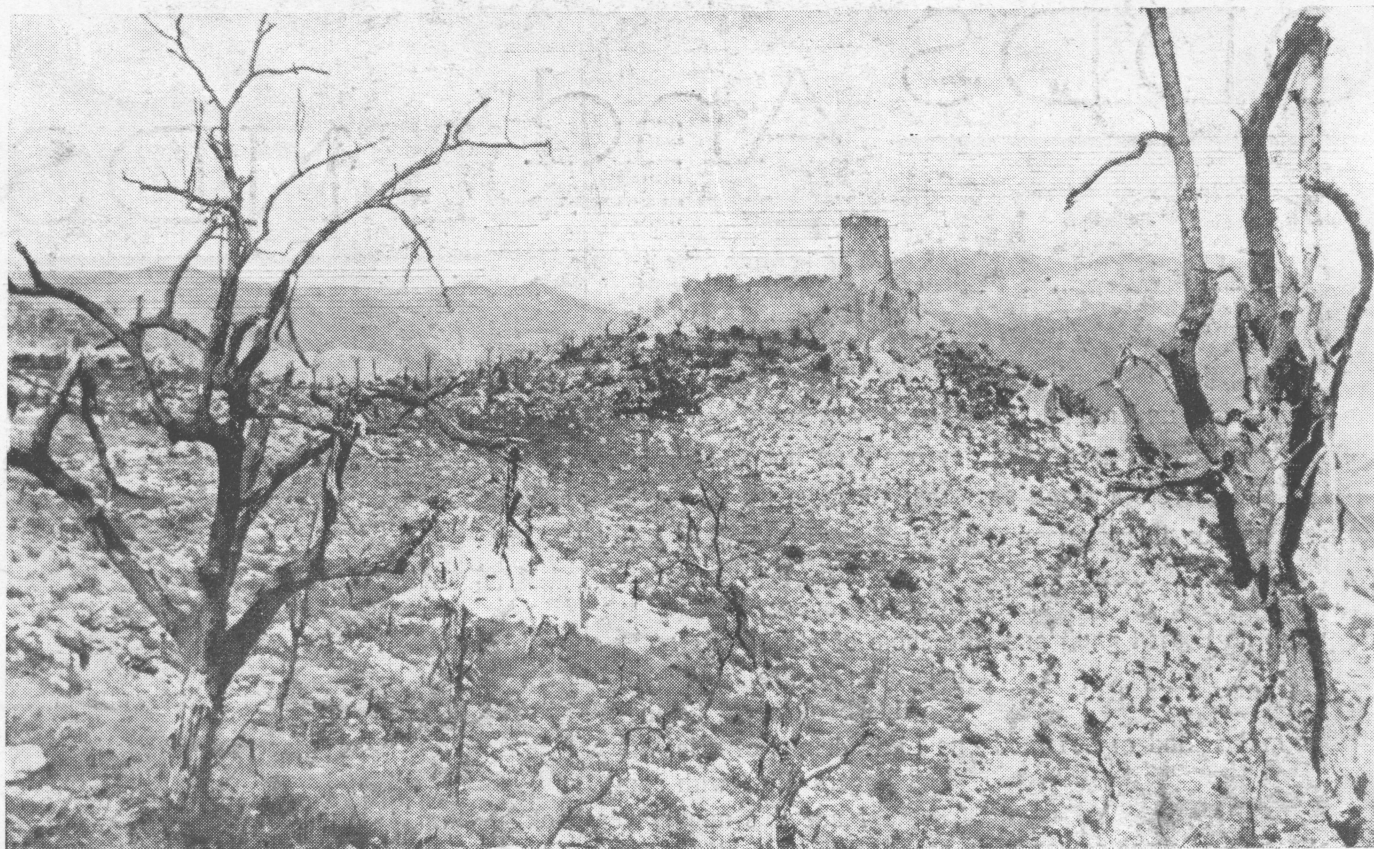
With the establishment of a WAC Rest Center on the Isle of Capri, the Wacs of Italy found a Paradise. Nothing military about this spot. Regulations concerning the A uniform were decidedly easy and on the beach one could wear that yellow bathing suit with a red bandana. "This is it", decided the women who had read of the island and sang the song. And GI's, who after many missions were sent there to rest, found that the Wacs were pretty good to have around.

Capri magic is a contagious fever but one recovers from it and work isn't so bad when one thinks that in a month or so there will be Capri:

A Wac wrote this verse about a three day pass spent at Capri:

"Out of this world, no in it,
It's the way the world was meant to be,
With time for singing and laughing,
And loving the madness of Capri.
No time for anger or hatred,
No time for serious thought,
But lots of time for gazing
"At the wonder God Has Wrought."

MC



LET'S NOT FORGET CASSINO

In all the pages of this picture book, we have not presented any pictures showing the destruction of war. We have seen it; we know the rubble, the debris, the poverty, the blackened walls, the shredded concrete, the crazily leaning steel, the gaping chasms where once bridges arched.

We publish this one picture because it personifies the result of War. To students of military tactics, it is the place that best shows what is meant by complete destruction. To the khaki clad American Wacs who have passed through this spot many times, it is a lesson in what dictatorial hatred, thirst for individual power and the crushing of democracy can bring about.

This picture was taken by Captain Bernice Pulver, WAC.

ODDS And ENDS

Y ou could understand this page if you could see the setting. It's close to bed-check. Typewriters are clicking; the Staff is tired. The day has been hot and the night has offered little coolness. There's not a coke in sight and there's a blank page that we must fill for far be it from us to waste the money by not filling every corner with our literary gems. So from now on—well, skip it!

Little drops of cognac
Little shots of gin,
Made a lot of lira
So this book could begin.
Little drinks of cola,
Jiggers filled with rum,
Made this mighty yearbook,
With its "sintillating" fun.

"Pick up anything on the desk and use it", she said. The first thing picked up was a trip ticket—the one we didn't have last week. "Try again—there's something better than that." We did. It was an empty match cover that read: "D.D.Bean and Sons Co., Jaffrey, New Hampshire. I wonder what kind of a town Jaffrey is. It's a funny match cover—it has a green shade tree and what looks like a snow covered mountain in the background. Jaffrey, here we come. Then one wrote this: (We don't understand it either)

"FATIGUE"

Oh she was a southern lady,
Personification of southern charm,
She joined the Women's Army Corps,
It did her little harm.
But then she traveled to dark Africa
And that was the beginning of the end,
Pour in Italy and Capri to boot,
You've got a powerful blend.
Farewell to life in the southland,
Goodbye traditional mores,
For Nellie was a lady,
Hail Women's Army Corps.

We have two more lines coming. Can't think of a thing.

THE END OF THE TRAIL

As the copy of this book is being feverishly assembled, you gals are just as feverishly packing boxes to mail home and wondering what you're going to do with all that stuff you bought. You find that the bottom of the market has dropped on that silver from Florence and those baskets from Capri.

To those who are working on this book, the movement order all came as a terrific but happy shock. Then bewilderment set in. Hadn't we been made to understand that "WAC Mayflower" was a figment of our own imagination and that the Wacs would be here for Thanksgiving dinner. There we were with 32 pages of this tome printed—and Italian printers do not believe in speed.

Things happened fast. Napoli printers were called into consultation. There was a chap who helped us a lot by interpreting our needs to the various Italian print shops. Without his advice and technical help this book would not be ready for you. Of course it may not be and then we'll spend nights mailing the thing. But if you do get it before you go up the gangplank, it will be because Major Rodier of the Printing Division of Information and Education and his sergeant, Stephen Smith, performed miracles for us. Just another I & E service.

Naturally the hurry up procedure gave us a grand excuse for the many errors you will find but we think that in a few years you'll kind of like the book. It's going to take you back to "As You Were." Maybe your picture isn't in it but it's your fault. Goodness knows Potter shot enough and you just weren't there.

It's been a headache getting this book out but the aspirin will be when you gals say it's pretty good but "not a true story" of the Wacs and we'll say, "You wrote it. So what?"

None of us would have missed the experience of trying to give you a book of memories for the world and we've learned lots about Italian printing while we played with this book. When we'll ever print another book in Italy — we don't know but it's always wise to learn something about nothing.

So at the end of the trail, September 8, we just wearily say, "That's 30". Here it is: "AS YOU WERE"
—A book of, by and for AFHQ WACS.

SCOTTY

LEST WE FORGET



AUTOGRAPHS



— LEST WE FORGET —

SERVICE CENTER

